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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF JENNY LIND.

[This biography, of great interest at the present moment, has been forwarded to us by a valued contributor in Germany.]

JENNY LIND was born in Stockholm on the 6th of October, 1821. Her mother had established there a seminary for children, in the direction and management of which, her father, a man of great powers as a linguist, took an active part. Her parents, being without money or other means of subsistence, were compelled to devote their whole time to their immediate pursuit, thus leaving the child JENNY without those aids to which her early-developed talent might have been ascribed. Already, in her third year, she evidenced her growing love of song. Every melody which sounded on her ear was seized with readiness and given back with such accuracy, that, even at that early age, she drew general attention to herself. This passion for music increased from year to year, and JENNY's destiny proclaimed itself—unconsciously to herself and parents—in every word and deed. She performed no childish labour without, at the same time, enlivening herself by the sound of her own infant voice; even her deepest griefs would vanish, or at least be relieved, under the influence of song. By nature inclined to earnest silence, to quiet thought, music seemed to be the language granted to the plain, almost ugly, child, that she might at least by this win some sympathy from mankind.

Thus was JENNY, at nine years, precocious in mind and in feeling much beyond her age, but extremely backward as regards her physical development.

At this time, accident enabled an actress, of the name of LUNDBERG (now deceased), to hear the singular child, and, astonished at her voice, powers, and demeanour, came to JENNY's parents, appealing to them to consign the treasure which had been given them to the applause of a theatre. JENNY's mother was at first terrified; before long, however, the clever actress, determined in her purpose, answered all the objections urged against it, and succeeded in moving the parents to refer the decision to JENNY's strong sense and good feeling. But the child had, for some time, possessed clear ideas concerning her proper vocation, and she announced that she was firmly resolved to follow the impulse within her and form herself for the stage.

Frau LUNDBERG brought the little novice to CROELIUS, an old and highly celebrated music teacher in Stockholm. CROELIUS, enchanted by the rare capabilities displayed in his young pupil, led her to Count PUCKE, who was at that time director of the court theatre, and begged him to hear her sing and interest himself in her. The count looked down upon the little awkward creature before him with a sort of doubtful suspicion, and asked, somewhat harshly, "what could be done with her,—what use could she be made of, as,

judging from externals, there was nothing fitted for the stage in her?" CROELIUS, however, would not be discouraged. He insisted upon her being heard, and if then the count should judge her unworthy of his notice, he would himself, upon his own responsibility, undertake JENNY's education, as he held it a positive disgrace not to assist such genius when it stood revealed before him. This was sufficient to decide the count and he consented to hear her.

Even at that tender age, JENNY's voice possessed some of those lovely, heart-touching tones, which she now breathes upon us with such magical effect. The Count PUCKE was astonished and conquered by them, for scarcely had she sung a few notes, when he liberally offered to give her every advantage which could be enjoyed by the theatrical pupils of Stockholm. Shortly afterwards JENNY LIND appeared in various juvenile parts, and excited an enthusiasm similar to that once aroused by LEONTINE FAY (the present Madame VOLNYS), in Paris. Vaudevilles were written expressly to bring forward this promising child; her humour, the individuality of her representations, and their decided originality, proclaimed JENNY LIND to be a genius which needed but continued cultivation to become universally recognised.

After the lapse of a year or more, her aged instructor, CROELIUS, consigned her to the care of a younger and more energetic teacher, BERG, who undertook JENNY's improvement with sincere and heartfelt interest. Excited by the approbation with which her appearance was always hailed, and thus restlessly urged onward, JENNY reached her twelfth year, and with it the end of her rosy dream of youth, from which the realities of life soon roused the growing girl. Too much expanded for the parts to which she had been accustomed, and ripened, apparently, for higher flights, her career seemed suddenly at an end, for the upper region of her voice entirely disappeared! That which remained was without power of vibration, and her anxious master, BERG, exerted himself in vain in an effort to awaken or restore the silver tones she once possessed; they seemed to be gone for ever. The hopes once entertained of applying her powers to the grand opera were now utterly at an end. JENNY was but seldom seen and only in the range of *Soubrette* parts; while the public forgot, as it generally does in the case of juvenile wonders, the impression she had made before as a singer, or remembered it but to give a passing regret that such flattering hopes should result in disappointment.

The young girl, whose very life was bound up and centred in music, bore the loss of her voice with silent resignation. The part of WEBER's *Agathe* had, from her earliest days, been the ideal of her ambition; her most beautiful dream, her brightest hope, her boldest wish was for once to sing this part, which had roused every feeling and sympathy within her: *Agathe* was the crown after which her soul yearned. But this was not to be. She fell back from the height towards which she had already advanced; she was depressed and hopeless; nevertheless she continued her musical studies, without, however, making further essays upon her lost voice.

In this manner four long years passed over. Then it occurred that at a certain concert, wherein the fourth act of *Robert le Diable* was to be performed, a singer was wanted for the *Alice*, who in this act has simply to sing a little song, which is often indeed omitted in the drama. No one was willing to undertake this insignificant solo; suddenly BERG thought of his rejected and unfortunate pupil and determined to make one more little effort for her. Divided between pain and pleasure, JENNY undertook, with heart beating at the momentous charge, to sing these few bars; when, suddenly, as by a miracle, the voice had returned. The astonished public recognised the tones of a former favourite, and overwhelmed the happy JENNY with

their delighted applause. Who can paint the joy—the happiness of the young girl when her teacher, himself surprised, announced to her that the part of *Agathe* was no longer unattainable to her!

Agathe, in the *Freischütz*, was the first operatic character in which JENNY LIND appeared at the theatre of Stockholm. With this first step she established herself in that for which nature had destined her. From that day her fate was decided. She was engaged, sang opera after opera; and while no one would listen to any singer but JENNY LIND, she and her master struggled perseveringly with the roughness and inflexibility of her voice. Who that now marvels at the *fortitude*, like showers of pearls, which fall from her lips, would imagine that it was only by dint of endless labour and trouble that she could ring a *mordente* from it? Her notes also, though pure and clear, were wholly without power of modulation; she could neither hold them out for any length of time, nor produce the slightest swell. All this, however, dismayed her not; she laboured at her vocal organ with the patience of a sculptor hewing from the rock. Honouring her steady, hopeful perseverance, we must honour also the clear-seeing teacher, who stood so faithfully beside her, and aided her victoriously to overcome all that hindered her from reaching the desired goal.

For some little time, almost a year, she sang the parts of *Euryanthe*, *Alice*, the *Vestal*, and others,—wonderful exertions for her years—exertions increased, too, when we consider the unceasing efforts made in her musical studies. But now came the moment when she discovered herself to be unworthy of the admiration bestowed upon her; she began to comprehend that her master had done everything for her that lay in his power, that she had learnt all she could learn without the aid of great models, but that the last, the final touch was wanting, which must, however, be given, if she would reach the very summit of artistic skill,—the object of her life.

Irresistibly she yielded to the desire to seek out GARCIA, of Paris, the greatest living singing-master in Europe. But how was this to be accomplished? Where or how acquire the means for such a venture?—give up her engagement, and live one, two, or three years in Paris? Bearing in her heart the full pride of genius, JENNY would have no external assistance; she desired to make her own way by her own means. She employed the theatrical vacation in visiting the towns, great and small, of Sweden and Norway; her father accompanied her. Everywhere she excited enthusiasm, and soon returned to Stockholm, furnished with substantial means to aid her darling plan. There she declared her resolution to the management, succeeded in winning his opinion to her own, and left him, with the full liberty of acting as she had desired.

Arrived in Paris, she proceeded instantly to GARCIA. With feverish anxiety, a heart beating with hope and fear, she entered his dwelling. The long journey, the separation from all those who until now had surrounded and protected her, tended not to damp her courage. She stood before him whose decision would henceforth decide her fate. She sang.

GARCIA listened, without giving the slightest sign either of satisfaction or displeasure. But when she had finished he said quietly to her, "My child, you have no voice." A fearful moment for JENNY! "Or rather," added he, softening his words, "you have had a voice, but are now on the very point of losing it. It seems to me that you have sung early and too much, for your organ is completely worn out with fatigue. I cannot at present give you any instruction. For three months you must not sing one note; then come to me again, and I will see what can be done." With this comfortless decision she left the presence of the man upon whose tuition she had built all hopes of her artistic life.

Three months were spent by JENNY LIND in almost complete solitude, in that feeling of utter desolation which presses more heavily upon one in Paris than in any other city of Europe. Speaking once of this painful period of her life, she said, "I lived upon my tears, and my longing for home." Nevertheless, she would make no arrangement towards departure until she had subjected herself to another trial before GARCIA. After the lapse of the prescribed period, he found that her voice had been refreshed by its repose, and that his course of study might be commenced. With what delight, with what iron industry she prosecuted her studies is apparent in all that she now executes, for she had but nine months granted her to make use of GARCIA's instruction.

After having been a year in Paris, one of her countrymen, a talented composer, arrived unexpectedly there, to induce her, who was so sorely missed both by manager and audience, to return to Stockholm. Through him she made the acquaintance of MEYERBEER, whose practised eye discovered at a glance the costly pearl between its veil of modesty and self-depreciation. He was only doubtful whether the flute-like purity of her voice would, in greater houses, produce the full effect of which it was capable. With this idea, in the theatre of the great opera-house he made arrangements for a trial, with full orchestra, alone, and for himself only. JENNY sang and performed three grand *scenas* from *Robert*, *Norma*, and *Der Freischütz*, and with such spirit and refinement, that MEYERBEER, enchanted with the discovery of such a treasure, desired to enter at once into engagements with her for the opera at Berlin. But her given promise, and likewise her inclination, drew her back to Stockholm. There she afforded wonderful proofs of the victory gained by her perseverance; she appeared now as a finished artist in delivery, and as an admirable actress, while her voice was so strengthened that all the exertions she made only developed its beauty the more prominently.

Was JENNY LIND before this the favourite of Stockholm, she was now the pride of her native city; great and small, rich and poor, took part in her success. In the midst of her triumph, there arrived from MEYERBEER an invitation to honour the opening of the new opera-house at Berlin. It was against her inclination once more to leave her home; but her friends unanimously conjured her to attend to the call of the great Maestro. Deeply as her loss might be felt in Stockholm, the feeling was equally strong, that JENNY LIND was one to whom European fame was necessary, and that it would be tyrannical and barbarous to seek to narrow her path, or keep her from further cultivation, and thus she accepted the invitation to Berlin.

In the August of 1844 she went to Dresden, where MEYERBEER wrote his opera, *The Camp of Silesia*, that she might enter into a closer understanding with him; also with the design of gaining some knowledge of the German language, of which, until then, she was totally ignorant.

After the lapse of four weeks, however, she received a pressing request from her native Stockholm to return once more thither, to assist in celebrating the coronation of the king. Eye-witnesses have testified that JENNY's final representation in Sweden was a general festival of love and sorrow; there was more weeping than applauding; it was as if a dearly-loved child had been parting from her family. Thousands of people filled the streets through which she passed. All were anxious to see her once more, and never has a public so heartily sympathised with the success of its favourite, as that of Stockholm with JENNY LIND.

In the latter part of October, 1844, JENNY arrived at Berlin. Unacquainted with the numberless difficulties and obstacles which in theatrical life often rise mountains high, she entered upon the dangerous path without

knowledge either of the language or habits of the country, without even a suspicion as to the degree of attention and approval she might draw upon herself. She made her *débüt* as *Norma*, and achieved the most complete success that the dramatic annals of Berlin can record. From that day she has been acknowledged the most distinguished singer of our time,—a meteor, indeed, who fills all that hear her with wonder and enthusiasm. It is but lately that all Vienna was bound by her enchantment.

Without exaggeration, it may indeed be said that JENNY LIND is one of the most remarkable appearances of the musical world.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

History of the House of Austria. By WILLIAM COXE, F.R.S. F.A.S. Third Edition. Vol. II. Bohn.

A SHORT account of this work was given in our notice of the first volume of Mr. Bohn's cheap republication of it in his "Standard Library." The second volume extends from 1522 to 1705, closing with the death of LEOPOLD. A third will complete the work.

BIOGRAPHY.

Jacques Cœur, the French Argonaut, and his Times. By LOUISA STUART COSTELLO. London: 1847.

JACQUES CŒUR was a merchant of Bourges, in Berry, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and fills a large space in the history of France during the reign of CHARLES VII. He was a remarkable specimen of a race peculiar to that age,—the merchant princes who first set at defiance and finally trampled upon the might of feudalism, and, as an independent power in all the great communities, made its own treaties with kings and nobles, vindicated its own privileges, and, by the omnipotence of the money power, dictated laws to the proudest and most powerful rulers of nations.

JACQUES CŒUR was one of the greatest and noblest of this great and noble class. In the time of his country's need he devoted his intellect and his wealth to her service. When his king was on the verge of ruin, he brought his fortune to the rescue, and, with the proverbial gratitude of princes, was rewarded with a prison!

MISS COSTELLO has taken this man's career as a theme for a biography, and it is one well adapted to her peculiar skill in the composition of an agreeable narrative. The scene, the characters, have the charm of novelty. A picturesque age, a time of expanding intellect and reviving energies, an era of originality, because an era of transition, is brought before us vividly, as if we beheld the very actors upon the stage. It is one of Miss COSTELLO's merits that she is a picturesque writer. Her own ideas are distinct, and she can embody them distinctly. Hence is *Jacques Cœur* certain to be one of the most popular books the season has produced.

She opens with a review of the condition of France previous to the appearance of her hero upon the stage of public life. CHARLES VII. was involved in difficulties. During the reign of his imbecile predecessor every thing had fallen into disorder; the treasury was empty, the nobles were lawless, justice was dethroned, the people were discontented, commerce was almost extinct, the bonds of society were loosened, and every thing threatened a total revolution. When the king came to the throne, he was without money and therefore powerless and friendless. But he had an undaunted spirit, and almost as by a miracle help came where and when he had least cause to expect it. JOAN OF ARC first lifted the national standard and rallied the people

round the sinking throne, inspiring them with the patriotism to which they had been long strangers. She expelled the foreign foe and crowned him king at Rheims. Then came JACQUES CŒUR, resolved that no barren sceptre should be his, and placed his fortune, his energies, and his intellect at the service of his king.

And who was he? Fame has not preserved his precise parentage. His father is reported to have been either a goldsmith or a fur merchant. At all events, he was a tradesman. But the son aspired beyond a counter; his energies sought a wider field of exertion. He became a general merchant, carrying on an extensive commerce with Italy and the coasts of the Mediterranean, where he is said to have had no less than three hundred factors. His wealth was attributed by the superstitious, or perhaps by the envious, of his own time to the arts of witchcraft and dealings with the evil one. But his success was the reward of mingled bravery and sound judgment. He was no stay-at-home dealer. He made continual voyages to all the ports at which his trade was conducted, and thus enlarged his naturally capacious intellect. He made himself a proficient in science, and especially in the working of metals; and to this knowledge he was indebted for his appointment of Master of the Mint at Bourges. His progress in making a business is thus described:

Three hundred of his agents resided at the different ports, not only of Europe, but of the East, and in all the nations contiguous to France. Everywhere his vessels were respected, as though he had been a sovereign prince; they covered the seas wherever commerce was to be cultivated, and from farthest Asia they brought back cloths of gold and silk, furs, arms, spices, and ingots of gold and silver, still swelling his mighty stores, and filling Europe with surprise at his adventurous daring and his unparalleled perseverance. Like his great prototype, Cosmo de Medici, who, from a simple merchant, became a supreme ruler, Jacques Cœur, the Medicis of Bourges, became illustrious and wealthy, and sailed long in the favourable breeze of fortune, admired, envied, feared, and courted by all. His wealth gave rise to a proverb, long retained by the citizens of his native town: "As rich as Jacques Cœur," expressed all that could be conceived of prosperity and success. Popular tradition asserts, that so great was the profusion of the precious metals that he possessed, that his horses were *shod with silver*; a common reputation, even at the present day, enjoyed by persons of singular wealth. The adornment of Bourges, where he was born, was not one of the least projects of the great merchant; and having, with a large sum, purchased a considerable tract of land in the town, he began, in 1443, to build that magnificent mansion which still remains a noble relic of his taste and wealth.

Here is a picture from

A RICH MERCHANT'S HOUSE.

In giving the details of the house of Jacques Cœur, there is so much to describe, that a whole volume might be occupied if full justice were done to the interesting subject, and the illustrations which could be introduced would occupy a very considerable space. As the work of M. Hazé, of which mention has been made, is entirely devoted to the subject of the curiosities of Bourges, numerous interesting descriptions are given in it; amongst others, he names one of the remarkable chimney-pieces which formerly adorned one of the chief *salles* of the mansion of the *argentier*. As the others are sculptured with chivalrous subjects, so this, executed with equal care, is a caricature of the habits and manners of the great of the period. Singularly enough, the whole of it is an evident satire on the tournaments and knightly occupations of the day, every thing being turned into ridicule, and represented in the most grotesque manner. There is still enough of the ruin left to enable the curious to trace the history detailed, but M. Hazé's drawing supplies what is wanting in the original as it now exists. Instead of knights and their chargers, peasants are represented mounted on asses, tilting against each other with sticks for lances; their shields are made of basket-work, and their stirrups of rope. Some wear a grotesque imitation of a helmet and visor, and they have cocks' feathers instead of

flowing plumes. The valets and squires are in peasants' costume, and bear cows' horns, which do duty for warlike trumpets, and in place of lances they carry a bundle of sticks ready to supply their master in the tourney. There is something peculiarly comic in the pompous character given to these groups, and the whole work is farcical in the extreme.

And while the merchant was thus reveling in wealth, this was the condition of the King.

A POOR MONARCH.

So destitute was the King of money, that common necessities were out of his reach, and it was the wealthy merchant who supplied him, not only with gold for his expenses, but even the royal table with provisions. A writer of the time mentions the startling fact in these words:—"The King was reduced to such extremity, that Jacques Cœur sent him for his dinner two fowls and a loin of mutton." Martial d'Auvergne, in his *Vieilles de Charles VII.* has a quaint passage to the same effect:—

One day Lahire and Poton came
To see their royal friend, and feast;
But all the cheer these men of fame
Found at the board was of the least;
A loin of mutton was their scanty fare,
Which, and two chickens, they were glad to share.

While the English and the faithless Burgundians ruled France at their will, the "King of Bourges" kept his little court in the most humble manner, as a record of expenses proves, kept probably not long after his marriage:—

"Thursday, 13th day of July.—The Queen and Madame Katherine to Pontoise for fruit:—

"Cherries and fruits for the Queen, 2 sous.
To Jehan la Nattier, for a knife, 2 sous.
Sum for day's expenses, 38 livres 2s."

While the Duke of Burgundy adorned himself with the richest and most valuable jewels, and even the cap which he ordinarily wore was covered with gems of great price, the King was obliged to comb his hair with a wooden comb:—"To Mahiet Gourdin, barber of the King's household, the sum of 30 sous tournois, for the payment of 12 wooden combs, the which the said lord has taken and accepted for his person." Frequently the destitute Roi de Bourges, in order to conceal his poverty from the eyes of his courtiers, was accustomed to shut himself up in his apartment with his Queen, where their coarse and poor meals were served to them without any witness to their poverty.

But the benefits of JACQUES CŒUR's enterprises were not confined to himself. France reaped her full share of them. The reputation of the merchant became that of the country. The merchants of other states became extremely jealous, and they sought, but in vain, to oust him from his supremacy. He met them in the proper spirit, and fought them with the proper weapons. He secured the confidence of all with whom he had dealings, by his liberality, his uprightness, and his nice sense of honour. His word was always sufficient, and his credit was unbounded. He was happy, too, in the choice of agents, who were usually men as large minded as himself. Thus he contrived to monopolise almost the entire trade of Egypt, and to conduct a larger commerce in the Mediterranean than all the other merchants of Europe combined. His ships covered the seas. Every wind wafted some rich freight into his ports. His speculations were daring, but success attended them, because, though boldly, they were prudently planned. His riches were proverbial. He planned and built a magnificent mansion, which still exists, a monument of his taste, as well as of his wealth.

But let us take the account of him preserved by the chronicler MATHIEU DE COUSSY:—

JACQUES CŒUR.

King Charles had in his kingdom a man of small lineage, who was called Jacques Cœur, the which by his sense, boldness, and good conduct, so managed, that he undertook divers great mercantile works, and was made argentier to King Charles, in which office he remained a long space of time, in

prosperity and honour. He had many clerks and factors under him, who disposed of his merchandise in all lands and countries belonging to Christians, and even in the realm of the Sarasins. He had on the seas several large vessels which went into Barbary, and as far as Babylon, carrying on trade by the licence of the Soldan and the infidel Turks; also by paying them tribute, he brought from those countries cloths of gold, and silk of all fashions, and of all colours; also furs suitable both for men and women, of divers sorts, such as martins, genettes, and other strange things, which could never before be got for gold or silver in any markets besides. He caused to be sold by his factors, both at the hotel of the king, and in many places in the said kingdom of France, every sort of merchandise for wear, that man can think of or imagine; at which many persons, as well nobles as merchants and others, were much amazed. He gained alone every year more than all the other merchants in the kingdom put together.

And further on we find—

Perhaps, surrounded as he was by impoverished men of rank, he felt that his greatest security was in his wealth, which kept those turbulent companions in his power, for not one of them but was deeply in his debt; and, again, as they were little in a condition to repay what they owed, he must have seen the policy of not depending upon their means or their principles of honour, which, except in cases where chivalry was concerned, seldom shone out very brilliantly. The love of wealth and consequent power was, no doubt, the ruling passion of Jacques Cœur; and though in a general way it scarcely deserves to be considered a noble aim, yet so magnificent and generous was he in the distribution of his gains that he exalted the nature of his pursuit. Nothing sordid or groveling found a place in his character: he was great and liberal in all that he did; his objects were patriotic and benevolent, and he traded like a monarch rather than a merchant. His views were far beyond the mere accumulation of money, and his ambition was to do good by means of his great possessions. That he did not disdain dignities, appears from the acquisition of property which he made; no less than forty estates called him master—that of St. Fargeau alone containing more than twenty-two parishes. It was the lordship of this estate which drew upon him the venomous jealousy which effected his ruin in the end. It would have been better policy in the rich merchant to forego the acquisition of a coveted domain, which fell to him in consequence of the poverty of one of higher birth than himself. George de la Trémouille, a man of high lineage and powerful at the court, had entered into negotiations with the Marquis of Montferrat for the purchase of the lands of Toucy, Puisaie, Douay, and St. Fargeau, for 20,000 gold crowns; but being unable to pay the sum agreed upon, the estates were offered to Jacques Cœur, who immediately paid down the whole sum, and became lord of all. The castle of St. Fargeau was of very ancient construction, founded, in fact, in 998, by Heribert, Bishop of Auxerre, natural brother of Hugues Capet; and the castle of Toucy was of equal antiquity and importance. It was mortifying to a noble of great family to see such estates pass into the hands of a man of the people; and the lord of La Trémouille considered his rights infringed, and himself personally insulted, by the purchase of Jacques Cœur. He caused proceedings to be instituted in defence of what he considered his rights; and when the law decided in favour of the wealthy merchant, he insisted that he had procured the decision by undue influence. Retiring in disgust from the contest, La Trémouille vowed in the depth of his heart that the upstart millionaire should repent his daring; and he never allowed his vengeance to slumber till he had gained a signal triumph over a man who had injured him in nothing. With boundless riches at his command, enjoying the intimate affection of his royal master, surrounded by a flourishing family, and in possession of magnificent estates; with palaces rising wherever he chose to build them, with successful commerce continually doubling his enormous means, Jacques Cœur was now at the utmost height of worldly power and enjoyment.

But wealth so great—prosperity so wonderful, was sure to excite the hatred of the envious and the desires of the dishonest. Courtiers began to calculate what they might gain if they could contrive to dissipate the

hoard. The prize was too tempting to be resisted. Plots were invented, and the king's ear was poisoned against his generous friend and faithful servant. He was charged with having framed a conspiracy with the dauphin to dethrone the monarch—a charge sufficiently absurd, but enough for that which alone was sought, a pretext for his ruin. These were

HIS ACCUSERS.

Some of the highest names of France are to be found amongst the accusers of the argentier, and all were deeply his debtors for sums which they had neither the hope nor the wish to pay, but which they trusted to be relieved from discharging by his disgrace. Added to this conspiracy at his very hearth, there was no want of foreign enemies, who waited but an occasion to overwhelm him with their treachery.

The king was for some time unwilling to listen to the enemies of his benefactor. But they persevered.

It has been thought that it was during the absence of Jacques Cœur on his mission to Lausanne, that his enemies succeeded in undermining the king's regard and confidence in him. If it were so, Charles dissimulated well, for the favour in which his faithful servant appeared after this was greater than ever, and his gratitude for his eminent services was as lively as it had been accustomed to appear for years. After the conquest of Normandy, the king, now indeed master of his own kingdom, set no bounds to his expressions of gratitude to his generous friend, who felt secure in his unshaken affection, and happy in the success of all his patriotic hopes. There was time now for enjoyment, and Jacques Cœur, who had learned in the East and in Italy how to surround himself with the luxuries which his great wealth made easy to him, began to feel that a tranquil life might yet be his own. His name was honoured by foreign nations, and stood almost the highest in his own. His family were advanced in dignity, his children affectionate and dutiful; his wife tender and devoted; the pope, Nicholas V. was his personal friend, and he saw no end to his resources. Much has been said of the magnificence of his mode of living—that his table was served with splendour equal to that of royalty, and no vessels were seen in his house that were not made of silver; it is even asserted that his very horses were shod with silver, and his luxury knew no bounds. All this may be true, and there is no reason why he should be blamed if it were so: the blame rests on his enemies, who envied his wealth and his happiness, and sought to destroy that of which they could not obtain possession. But a storm was gathering in silence, which was to burst on the devoted head of this illustrious victim of malice: an abyss was yawning at his feet, into which the hands of successful foes were to cast him. At length the tempest broke loose, and its explosion was heard not only from one extremity of France to the other, but throughout Europe. It was proclaimed that the king had given orders for the arrest and imprisonment of his argentier.

The storm burst at length.

Jacques Cœur was at the castle of Taillebourg with the king, enjoying, as he supposed, the favour and affection of his sovereign, and quite unsuspecting of evil, when, on the 31st of July, 1451, he was suddenly seized, arrested, and cast into prison, on a charge which he had scarcely time to hear, and to which he did not deign to reply. A dungeon in the castle of Taillebourg received him; and before any judicial proceedings had taken place, before any sentence was passed, all his possessions were seized and given into the hand of the king! His jailers were his accusers, his judges were his debtors and enemies, and he was given over at once to rivals and adversaries, as a sacrifice and a victim, by that prince to whom he had restored a kingdom, and who had mounted his throne by means of heaps of gold piled up at his feet by the most devoted, faithful, and generous of friends and subjects.

But proofs were more difficult to be obtained than his enemies had calculated. His trial was repeatedly postponed.

Meanwhile the prisoner was transferred from the castle of Taillebourg to that of Lusignan, where he was interrogated by his enemy Guillaume Gouffier, who made the necessary notes and examined witnesses—those witnesses who, in after days, when it was too late to do justice to the oppressed, acknow-

ledged that they had accepted bribes to betray him, and confessed that every word they then uttered was false! It would seem that Charles VII. at this juncture began to awaken to the injustice of his conduct, and to feel remorse for his ingratitude; but he had given the power out of his own hands, and could not now withdraw their victim from the wretches who sought to immolate him. Startled and amazed at the result of the inquiries already instituted, Charles himself made an appeal to the commissioners, urging them to act according to the laws, and to be guided by conscience. Had he known the judges to be honest men, there would have been no occasion for such a charge; probably he knew them to be otherwise, and their motives were sufficiently clear to make him repent the share he had taken in this nefarious business. But how was he to recede? What means had he of repaying the ruined merchant, whose gold he, as well as his knights and courtiers, found so useful and necessary? He turned away his eyes, fixed them on the coffers full of treasure belonging to his argentier, and allowed the trial to go on. From Lusignan the persecuted captive was removed to Maillé, near Tours, there to await further treachery and tyranny. The reason of this removal was, that the Bishop of Poitiers had claimed the prisoner as belonging to his diocese, and as being a tonsured clerk subject to his jurisdiction. Jacques Cœur, finding that although the commissioners appointed to judge him were occasionally changed in order to make some show of justice, yet that new enemies appeared in the new appointments, and everything tended to his overthrow, saw no way but to plead the privilege of the tonsure, which rendered him amenable only to the clergy. On being removed to Tours, the archbishop there also came forward and reclaimed his prisoner; but, regardless even of the rights of the Church, the commissioners kept firm hold of their victim, and turned a deaf ear to every requisition in his favour. Meantime he ceased not strenuously to assert his innocence: he appealed to the Cardinal d'Estouteville, the Bishop of Agde, and even to the king himself, to produce proofs that he asserted the truth. But it was far from answering the views of his judges to make any application to the king. All they would do was to accord to the accused a delay of two months, to obtain the means of his justification, beginning from the 1st of July, 1452, and ending on the 1st of September following. Jacques Cœur, while he accepted this boon, remonstrated on its insufficiency; for it was necessary to seek in the different towns of Languedoc the orders given by the king for the levy of supplies; receipts, which justified their employment; letters by which a part of the money was named as destined for his own use; in fine, permissions which he had obtained from the popes Eugenius and Nicholas V. for the transport of arms to the Saracens. If these permissions were not to be found at Montpellier or at Aiguemortes, it would be necessary to seek them in the registers at Rome. They were in fact *not found*: good care had no doubt been taken that they should not be forthcoming; yet that they existed there could be no question, for copies were afterwards obtained, with certificates, which prove their authenticity. The permission of Pope Eugenius is dated in 1445, and that of Pope Nicholas in 1451. For eleven months Jacques Cœur had languished in prison. Not less than one hundred and fifty witnesses had been heard against him. The first respite granted was expired, a second had passed away, but the judges could gain nothing positive to criminate him. He was transferred from the Château de Maillé to that of Tours. On the 13th of January, 1453, the king authorized another commission, addressed to Antoine d'Aubusson, Otto Castellani, and others, by which he invested them with powers to continue the trial and the interrogation of Jacques Cœur. The prisoner had again recourse to his only means, that of rejecting his judges as belonging to the laity, he being tonsured; and he also protested against them as being notoriously inimical to him. Fatigued and exasperated with his firmness, his judges ordered, on the 22nd of March, that he should be *put to the question*! Tortures! for the man who had created the maritime commerce of France—who had restored her king to his throne, and driven bold and victorious strangers from her shores—whose wealth had propped the dignity of almost every family in the country, and whose connexion with the most sacred class in the realm, amongst whom his son and brother held high offices, might at least have claimed for him respect and mercy.

And this was the end :

After twenty-two months' imprisonment, Jacques Cœur was forced, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, to go through all the humiliating ceremonies of his sentence—a sentence pronounced at the close of a trial which had pursued him from castle to castle, was illegally carried on, and in which witnesses summoned at the beginning were dismissed before the end, no one accuser confronted with another, and the first commissioners having given place to new ones. Each of the judges in this unjust cause obtained a large share of the booty. Jean Dauvet, procureur-général, who had the charge of selling all the estates and effects of the condemned, came in for a rich share; but the largest was awarded to the illustrious warrior and champion, Antoine de Chabannes, Count of Dammartin. This portion was the castle of St. Fargeau, and the baronies of Toucy and Perreuse,—that is to say, almost all the land in the district known as La Puisaie, consisting of more than twenty parishes. Guillaume Gouffier, the high chamberlain, had ten thousand crowns' worth of land, and the lordship of La Motte, that of Boissy, and half of that of Roanne and Saint Aon. As for large sums of money due to Jacques Cœur, the king permitted the payment to stand over at his pleasure. Besides the estates already mentioned, the rest of the enormous possessions of the argentier are thus enumerated by La Thaumassière in his history of Berry: "His house at Bourges called La Chaussée. His house at Montpellier called La Loge, and two others. At Lyons, a dwelling called La Rose, one called La Maison Ronde, and three others. At Marseilles, the Maison de Ville, built by him. At Beaucaire, the Maison de Ville. At Beziers, several houses and grounds. At Saint Pourcain, one house. At Sancerre, one house. The estate of St. Gerant de Vaux, bought from Philip de Bourbon and his wife. The heath of Aubépin. The villages of Barlieu, Ainay-le-Viel, Meaune, Villemot, Le Lis Saint Georges, Marmagnes, Maubranche; La Feillane, in the châtellainie of Murat; Meneton Salon, in Berry. The mines of Chiffelle. The mines of Saint Pierre le Palud. The silver mines of Pompallieu." Two houses at Paris are also named: one on the spot where part of the Palais Royal now stands, and one some remains of which are still to be seen in the Rue de l'Homme Armé. This latter house was not completed at the time of his downfall, and was continued by Jean de la Balue, Bishop of Angers and Evreux, whose fortunes were as unstable as those of the first builder. The style of its construction excited much wonder at the time, and the bricks were thought to be of some rich metal; they were in fact no more than glazed tiles, but, being uncommon, were looked upon with much awe and surprise.

The sentence of death was *mercifully* commuted to *surveillance* for life, and forfeiture of all his property; and Jacques Cœur died in exile, a memorable example of the little faith to be placed in princes, and of the *morale* of an age to which some among us look back with admiration, and would fain restore!

Lives of Simon Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes, of Culloden. From original Sources. By JOHN HILL BURTON. London: Chapman and Hall.

MR. BURTON has already conciliated public opinion by his life of the great historian and philosopher, DAVID HUME. His present work is of a less ambitious character, and comes before us as one in CHAPMAN and HALL's series of books of pleasant light reading. The author has wisely kept in view the nature of his undertaking, and the class of readers into whose hands the book is likely to come, and accordingly has forbore to burden his pages with any lengthy quotations from the authorities and documents upon which he relies. He threatens the public, however, with a volume of "LOVAT Documents," or "Culloden Manuscripts," to be published under the auspices of one of those societies which devote themselves to the care and collection of such matters. Of the value of such a collection as he proposes it would be utterly impossible for us at present to form any estimate; it would of course be determined by the light which such papers might throw upon con-

temporary history, more especially in relation to the bearing that national character and habits had upon the events of the exciting period to which they relate.

MR. BURTON's idea in placing the lives of LOVAT and FORBES in juxta-position is, as he tells us, not merely to furnish a volume capable of pleasing and instructing, but "to direct such a record of character and events to a moral purpose of no small moment." The two characters are to be taken as types of two distinct eras in civilization and national history, as well as the representatives of the dark and light sides of human nature; the extreme of fraud and force on the one hand, the perfection of integrity and humanity on the other. Now it seems to us that this, although very fanciful and engaging, is by no means the effect of the volume, either as it is, or as possibly it could have been composed. LOVAT and FORBES were men whose positions and characters scarcely admit of the contrast sought to be made. They have, in fact, no common measure. As ensamples of conduct they must be either a pattern or a warning to states of life altogether different, both being available only in that very inapplicable point of view, that one was a bad and the other a good man. So also with regard to the eras of civilization which they are here supposed to represent. They are not consecutive eras; nor are they eras, one of which naturally flows from, and is the gradual amelioration of, the other. They are in their nature what in point of fact and in the history of their formation they were; one an indigenous, the other an imported state. In other words, the system with which the name of SIMON LORD LOVAT is sought to be connected, is the national clan system, of home growth and development; the system of which DUNCAN FORBES is made the embodiment, is a system received from without, admitted into the country, and at once and entirely superseding that into the place of which it was received.

We must be content, then, to take the life of Lord LOVAT as a book only so far morally useful as all books of interest are which are not immoral. His character was not in itself higher than that of any mere highwayman, the events of whose life have become in the last few years material in the hands of skilful writers for interest and amusement. That which in the case of the robber is called trick and artifice, in the case of the head of the FRAZERS is dignified into the name of political intrigue. And so in almost all other particulars, the relative ranks of the leader of a clan and the captain of a band of footpads being observed, there is the same amount of treachery, the same utter disregard of honesty, principle, and everything that looks like virtue in the one case as in the other. We therefore forbear to go through the sketch of LOVAT's life, and content ourselves with a few extracts from the book, which seems to us amusing. We shall begin with one which is more like some adventure of the heroes to whom we just now alluded, than any thing else. It happened to LOVAT upon his return to Scotland, after a visit to the Pretender in France, about the year 1703. At that time the family estates were in the hands of another branch of the family, and SIMON himself was an outlawed man.

He tells us that he encountered great dangers in passing from Calais through England to Scotland. Whatever may have been his precautions, there is no doubt that his journey must have been a perilous one: Whilst Lovat and Mr. Murray were passing through Northallerton, in Yorkshire, a Frenchman, whom they had with them in some servile capacity, had been speaking too freely within the hearing of a justice of peace of sound Protestant and revolution principles. At that time, indeed, it only required the sound of a foreign tongue, and the appearance of a traveller, to rouse the most formidable suspicions, and to deprive the inhabitants of larger towns than Northallerton of their nightly sleep. The justice headed a body of constables and able-bodied townsmen and

surrounded the inn. Lovat had one of his own clan as an attendant, who warned the plotters of their danger. Murray resolved to stand on his privileges as a naturalised Frenchman. Lovat was determined to fight and die, unless his fertile ingenuity should render his heroic purposes unnecessary. His clansman stood with two pistols on the landing of the stair—his duty was with the subordinates; and the justice of peace was to be allowed to pass, that he might be dealt with by the master. When the justice presented himself, Lovat, with all the warm cordiality of the most guileless manner, approached, shook him warmly by the hand, and thanked him for his visit, expressing his great pleasure in seeing an old friend whom he had not seen for two years. He believed the last occasion on which they had met was when he attended a neighbouring horse-race with his brother the Duke of Argyle. The Yorkshire justice at once succumbed to the bolder genius of one infinitely more Yorkish. He apologised for the abruptness of his intrusion to meet the Duke of Argyle's brother: his hospitable zeal must be his excuse. The two new allies spent a roaring night, drinking loyal toasts, and the justice was carried off to bed. We have this anecdote only on Lovat's own authority, but it is characteristic. He is at very unnecessary pains to vindicate his personation of the Duke of Argyle's brother, on the ground that he had some claim to the position, being a relation of that family.

Before the rebellion broke out, LOVAT, as is well known, went over to the opposite side, and did good service to the government in support of the reigning monarch against the rebels. For this piece of treachery, the mock court of JAMES, at St. Germain's, had in a great measure themselves to thank, not so much for their harsh treatment of LOVAT, but for foolishly taking a middle course between conciliating him and rendering him powerless. They certainly had not much cause to rely upon his fidelity, since, at the very time that he pretended to be their emissary in Scotland, he was opening a negotiation with the existing government. At that time, no doubt, his prepossessions were with the Jacobites, and although a piece of most hardy dissimulation, it may be doubted whether his object was at first anything more than to entangle his constant enemy, the Marquis of Athol.

In the month of August the Duke of Queensberry, then High Commissioner to the Parliament of Scotland, received information through the Duke of Argyle and Lord Leven, that they knew a man who was deep in the intrigues of the Jacobites, and who might possibly be prevailed on to give some valuable information, but whose name must in the meantime be kept secret. They could only say that he was a man of rank, and that he had been in personal communication with the exiled royal family and the French ministry. The duke had heard of the proposed hunting in the Highlands, and of the sums of money supposed to be sent from Holland. The Scottish Parliament, too, had just passed one of their strongest votes; the juncture seemed so critical, that even on this imperfect information he wrote to the queen, detailing all that he had heard, and asking, "If that person shall apply to me, and be willing to own what he has said, how shall I use him? It is strange enough," he continues, "that in his circumstances he should have said so much; and it can hardly be expected that he will forfeit what he may expect from France, without getting some terms from your majesty." His grace, the commissioner, was at length informed that the possessor of so much momentous intelligence was ready for a secret audience. At the appointed hour, the massive person of Lovat stalked into the private chamber, and the statesman, reared and hardened in the war of intrigue and deception, was confronted with the broad good-humoured face of the young Highlander, little dreaming that that uncouth smile and profuse suavity of manner concealed a natural power of dissimulation and intrigue, which the severest education in state craft would fail to impart to ordinary minds. This was late in September, when Lovat had made up his mind that the project of a Highland rising at that moment, at all events, was hopeless; and when, if he wished to execute anything for his own advantage, or even to secure his safety, he must transact with the other party. Accordingly, he told all, and more than all, to

the infinite wonder of the commissioner, and to his grace's high satisfaction with his own ability in hunting out conspiracies. He was able to produce documents, and to make them do double service. He was asked if he had any letters from the Court of St. Germain's to their principal adherents? Yes; he had three at least; but two of them, one to the Duke of Hamilton, and another to the Duke of Gordon, were unfortunately delivered. He still had one; but the use made of this one was a master-stroke of policy and deserves special delineation. It appears that, along with his formal commissions, he had been intensely desirous of obtaining from the ex-queen a letter of private recognition to some one of her principal adherents. By what means he had accomplished his end it were difficult to say, but he did obtain such a document, in these words: "You may be sure that when my concerns require the help of my friends, you are one of the first I have in my view. I am satisfied you will not be wanting for any thing that may be in your power according to your promise, and you may be assured of all such returns as you can expect from me and mine. The bearer, who is known to you, will tell you more of my friendship to you, and how I rely on yours for me and those I am concerned for."

This letter was signed with the initial "M." It was not directed to any one; of course this omission was merely to prevent danger to the possessor in case of a seizure. What then could be a better opportunity for a blow at his old enemy Athol than to direct this letter to him? And so it was done, though not so ingeniously as to prevent the difference of hand and ink being subsequently discovered when the letter was opened. Queensberry, even through the official gravity of his letter to her majesty, almost chuckles at his dexterity in having "found the way to be master of that letter." "I have transmitted it," he continues, "to your majesty without breaking the seal, which is clear the effigies of the king, your majesty's father." Lovat does not mention this incident, so creditable to his genius, in his autobiography. He admits, however, that he charged Athol with a correspondence with St. Germain's, and vindicates his doing so on a ground which affords as singular an instance of his peculiar morality as any other that has been recorded either for or against him. It was because Athol was a bitter enemy of the Court of St. Germain's, and therefore deserved to be punished! "With respect to Lord Athol he was notoriously the incorrigible enemy of King James. His accumulated treasons rendered his person odious to all his majesty's faithful servants; much less, therefore, was Lord Lovat bound to spare this incomparable villain than the duke, his brother-in-law. In a word, he was persuaded that he could not do a better service to his king than to put the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Athol, the two greatest hypocrites in Scotland, and of whose duplicity and selfish policy no man was ignorant, out of a condition to injure his project or to prejudice the interest of their sovereign."

The negotiation here referred to was ten years earlier than that which separated him from the adherence of the Pretender. He enjoyed the fruits of his revolt from JAMES in recovering his family estates, increasing them considerably, and becoming a potentate with scarcely less than absolute power over a very large clan in an unreclaimed and lawless district. His conduct as a judge—to use the language of his titles—and a sheriff, occupies the detail of a large part of the volume before us, and is curious, not only as representing precisely the same spirit as characterized the rest of his doings, but in some sort as indicating the state of society in the Highlands at the period. When there was no space for political intrigue, he applied to litigation and forensic disputes the same cunning which he employed in the fields of diplomacy. The account of this period of his life is well given, and is full of amusement; but we hasten to two more extracts, having relation to a much later season, indeed to the closing stage of his existence. Having involved himself in the rebellion of '45, and being detected in despite of the most intricate web of scheming and falsehood under which he had corresponded to the very last with the government party, and affected to deplore the defalcation of his son and his clan, he was captured and brought to London to take his trial before

the House of Lords. The following is part of the history of his progress from Scotland.

He was conveyed in a litter by easy stages through Stirling and Edinburgh, and thence by Berwick to London. An anecdote of his journey is preserved, which shews that he could carry his ruling spirit into trifles in the midst of disaster. A young officer was desirous of contemplating the actual features of this strange monster, of whom such wild rumours had reached the civilized world; and the acute inmate of the litter, discerning his object, snored loudly, and pretended to be fast asleep. The young man gently drew the curtains, and looked in, when "the monster" starting up, seized him by the nose, and gave it a twinge not easily to be forgotten. * * * It was at the White Hart Inn, in St. Albans, that he met with Hogarth. He had a mind fully capable of appreciating that great artist's works; they had made each other's acquaintance before; and we learn that though under the hands of the barber, he "received his old friend with a salute which left much of the lather on his face." The great master of the real in art beheld here a face and figure to immortalize. The well-known portrait to which this meeting gave rise, represents the massive form of the old captive leaning forward in a high-backed chair, the forefinger of his right hand placed on the thumb of his left. He is supposed to be enumerating the various detachments of the rebel forces; but his thoughts are evidently occupied with things of deeper import than mere numbers. His broad forehead is knit into large knots by the working of thick-coming fancies, as if he were luxuriating in one of his great schemes; his eyes shoot forth from beneath them a twinkling light, half fierce, half sarcastic; while his broad mouth, expanding in a smile of cajolery and good humour, seems to laugh at the eloquent earnestness of the other features. Around them all gather a multitude of little wrinkles, which, in the hands of one accustomed to stamp a passion or a cast of character by a single line, did each their service in recording an epitome of the strange and varied history of the subject of the sketch. The artist said "that the muscles of Lovat's neck appeared of unusual strength—more so than he had ever seen." This etching was one of the most popular of Hogarth's works. The impressions could not be taken so fast as the public demanded them, though the rolling press was at work all night for a week. For several weeks the proceeds are said to have realised twelve pounds a day.

Our last quotation is what follows in Mr. BURTON'S narrative immediately after the sentence has been pronounced upon him by the Lord High Steward.

After receiving his sentence, he made a short appeal, earnest but not servile, to both houses, to intercede for the mercy of the crown. His last words to the house were in the full spirit of his life and character, a solemnity tinged by a lurking equivocation.

Lord High Steward.—"Would you offer any thing further?"

Lord Lovat.—"Nothing, but to thank your lordships for your goodness to me. God bless you all, and I bid you an everlasting farewell: we shall not meet all in the same place again—I am sure of that."

The public were ravenous with curiosity about the great leviathan that had been at last so effectually hooked; and it was necessary to fill the ear of London with details of his previous history, as well as anecdotes of his conduct since his capture. Many of them are fabulous, and many not worth preserving, but a few are too characteristic to be passed over. They may be announced by an incident not mentioned in the contemporary accounts, but preserved by tradition. On his return from the House of Lords to the Tower, an old woman, not very well favoured, had pressed through the crowd, and screamed in at the window of the coach, "You'll get that nasty head of yours chopped off, you ugly old Scotch dog;" to which he answered, "I believe I shall, you ugly old English b——;" paying her back with the feminine of the masculine epithet she had applied to him. The major of the Tower coming to visit him and asking how he did, he answered, "Why, I am about doing pretty well, for I am preparing myself, sir, for a place where hardly any majors and very few lieutenant-generals go;" this was a more distinct hint than that given to the House of Lords. Any matter engrossing the

public mind so much as this trial and execution, naturally invited the vagaries of persons, wholly or partially insane, to the centre of attraction. In this shape an individual of the name of Paynter rendered himself conspicuous by a petition to his majesty, and a letter to Mr. Secretary Pelham, stating that his application was very different from those with which statesmen are generally overwhelmed, and was for a boon for which there would be few competitors. "Do then," he said to Pelham, "be persuaded—let me persuade you, sir, to intercede with the king on my behalf, that Lovat may be pardoned, and that I may have the honour of being beheaded on the scaffold in his lordship's stead." When he heard of this magnanimous offer, Lovat said it exceeded the text of Scripture, which says, "Greater love than this hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his friend." "However," he continued, "this man offers to suffer for a stranger; nay, for one that he stigmatises with the name of a vile traitor. In short, sir, I am afraid the poor gentleman is weary of living in this wicked world, and, if that be the case, the obligation is altered, because a part of the benefit is intended for himself." Occasionally his thoughts were far off among his mountains, and his heart swelled with the thought of the greatness that there still hallowed his name. He said he would have his body entombed in the church of Kirkhill, which had been the family place of burial for centuries, and that he had at one time left, in a codicil to his will, a sum to pay all the pipers from John o'Groat's house to Edinburgh to play before his body; and if this were not permitted by the Government, yet the old women would cry the coronach. "And then," he said, "there will be old crying and clapping of hands, for I am one of the greatest chiefs in the Highlands." He made himself a favourite with the warders. On the evening before his execution he took a cordial pipe and a glass of wine with them, and on their drinking to him "a good journey," he said "Amen," and then, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, thus moralised: "Now, gentlemen, the end of all human grandeur is like this snuff of tobacco." There was more than one striking instance, while he was in the Tower of securing the affection and attachment of those by whom he was surrounded. When General Williamson, the lieutenant-colonel of the fortress, visited him on the same evening, he desired to bid farewell to that gentleman's daughter, but was told that she was so much overcome by sorrow for his fate as to be unfit to support an interview. "God bless the dear child," he said, "and make her eternally happy, for she is a kind-hearted, good lass." He desired the attendance of Mr. Baker, the chaplain to the Sardinian ambassador, and declared that he died in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, that he adhered to the rock upon which Christ built his Church, to St. Peter, and the succession of pastors from him down to the present time, and that he rejected and renounced all sects and communities that were rejected by the Church." But even on this solemn question he shewed his old propensities: when asked if he was a Jesuit, he said "No—a Jansenist;" evidently out of a spirit of mystification.

The even tenor of DUNCAN FORBES'S life presents none of the striking features of that of his companion. It is much shorter than the other, and pleasantly enough fills up a volume which would be too short without it. There is nothing in it, however, to justify a long extract after the space which we have already consumed. We need only say, in conclusion, that this is a very agreeable volume, and will sustain the reputation alike of the author, and of the series of publications of which it forms part.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China, including a Visit to the Tea, Silk, and Cotton Countries: with an account of the Agriculture and Horticulture of the Chinese, New Plants, &c. By ROBERT FORTUNE, Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London. With illustrations. Murray.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We give now the few remaining passages we had marked for gleanings from this amusing work. They will serve

to recommend it to the book-clubs and even to the circulating libraries.

This is his account of the various

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN CHINA.

In the course of my travels in China I often met with Christian missionaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, who have been labouring amongst the Chinese for many years. Until very lately the efforts of the Protestants had been chiefly confined to Macao and Canton. Since the war, however, they have had an opportunity of extending their operations; and some are now settled at all the new ports which have been opened for foreign trade, as well as on our island of Hong-Kong, which will now become their head-quarters. The medical missionaries also act in conjunction with the others, and are of great use in curing many of the diseases which prevail in the country, while, at the same time, the truths of the Christian faith are presented to the minds of their patients. Dr. Lockhart, of the London Missionary Society, who has established himself in the town of Shanghai, had his hospital daily crowded with patients, many of whom had come from very distant parts of the country. All were attended to in the most skilful and careful manner, "without money, and without price." The Rev. Mr. Medhurst, who has laboured long and zealously as a Christian missionary in the East, was also at Shanghai. This gentleman is well known as an eminent Chinese scholar, and, besides preaching to the people in their own tongue, he has a printing establishment with Chinese type continually at work, for the dissemination of the truths of the Gospel. Several other gentlemen and their families had arrived at the same port previous to my departure, and were closely engaged in the study of the language. Ning-po and Amoy were also occupied by missionaries both from England and America; and I suppose, ere this time, some have also reached Foo-chow-foo on the River Min. From my own experience of Chinese character, and from what I have seen of the working of the Medical Missionary Society, I am convinced that it must be a powerful auxiliary to the missionaries in the conversion of the Chinese. I regret, however, to say, that up to the present time little progress appears to have been made. One portion of the people, and a large one, is entirely indifferent to religion of any kind; and the rest are so bigoted and conceited, that it will be a most difficult task to convince them that any religion is better or purer than their own.

The Roman Catholic missionaries conduct their operations in a manner somewhat different from the Protestants. They do not restrict themselves to the outposts of the empire, where foreigners are permitted to trade, but penetrate into the interior, and distribute themselves over all the country. One of their bishops, an Italian nobleman, resides in the province of Keang-soo, a few miles from Shanghai, where I have frequently met him. He dresses in the costume of the country, and speaks the language with the most perfect fluency. In the place where he lives he is surrounded by his converts; in fact, it is a little Christian village, where he is perfectly safe, and I believe is seldom if ever annoyed in any way by the Chinese authorities. When new Roman Catholic missionaries arrive, they are met by some of their brethren or their converts at the port nearest their destination, and secretly conveyed into the interior; the Chinese dress is substituted for the European; their heads are shaved, and in this state they are conducted to the scene of their future labours, where they commence the study of the language, if they have not learned it before, and in about two years are able to speak it sufficiently well to enable them to instruct the people. These poor men submit to many privations and dangers for the cause they have espoused; and although I do not approve of the doctrines which they teach, I must give them the highest praise for enthusiasm and devotion to their faith. European customs, habits, and luxuries, are all abandoned from the moment they put their feet on the shores of China; parents, friends, and home, in many instances are heard of no more; before them lies a heathen land of strangers, cold and unconcerned about the religion for which they themselves are sacrificing every thing, and they know that their graves will be far away from the land of their birth, and the home of their early years. They seem to have much of the spirit and enthusiasm of the first preachers of the Christian religion, when they were sent

out into the world by their Divine Master "to preach the Gospel to every creature," and "to obey God rather than man." According to the accounts of these missionaries, the number of converts to their faith is very considerable; but I fear they, as well as the Protestants, are often led away by false appearances and assertions. Many of the Chinese are unprincipled and deceitful enough to become Christians, or in fact any thing else, in name, to accomplish the object they may have in view; and they would become Buddhists the very next day, should any inducement be offered them to do so. Judging from appearances, the day must yet be very distant when the Chinese, as a nation, will be converted to the Christian faith. Could those individuals in our time who predict the near approach of the millennium see the length and breadth of this vast country, with its three hundred millions of souls, they would surely pause and reflect before they published their absurd and foolish predictions.

Among other curious places Mr. FORTUNE paid a visit to a temple among "the Temple of the Heavenly Boys," where he was lodged and entertained. Though termed a temple, in the singular number, it is a sort of town of temples, having an extensive college of priests, of whom our author gives a very indifferent account. They are represented as ignorant and immoral—a pack of sturdy beggars who prey upon the people.

We turn now to an extremely interesting account of

CORMORANT FISHING IN CHINA.

The most singular of all the methods of catching fish in China is that of training and employing a large species of cormorant for this purpose, generally called the fishing-cormorant. These are certainly wonderful birds. I have frequently met with them on the canals and lakes in the interior, and had I not seen with my own eyes their extraordinary docility, I should have had great difficulty in bringing my mind to believe what authors have said about them. The first time I saw them was on a canal a few miles from Ning-po. I was then on my way to a celebrated temple in that quarter, where I intended to remain for some time, in order to make collections of objects of natural history in the neighbourhood. When the birds came in sight I immediately made my boatmen take in our sail, and we remained stationary for some time to observe their proceedings. There were two small boats, containing one man and about ten or twelve birds in each. The birds were standing perched on the sides of the little boat, and apparently had just arrived at the fishing-ground, and were about to commence operations. They were now ordered out of the boats by their masters; and so well trained were they, that they went on the water immediately, scattered themselves over the canal, and began to look for fish. They have a beautiful sea-green eye, and, quick as lightning, they see and dive upon the finny tribe, which, once caught in the sharp-notched bill of the bird, never by any possibility can escape. The cormorant now rises to the surface with the fish in its bill, and the moment he is seen by the Chinaman he is called back to the boat. As docile as a dog, he swims after his master, and allows himself to be pulled into the san-pan, where he disgorges his prey, and again resumes his labours. And what is more wonderful still, if one of the cormorants gets hold of a fish of large size, so large that he would have some difficulty in taking it to the boat, some of the others, seeing his dilemma, hasten to his assistance, and with their efforts united capture the animal and haul him off to the boat. Sometimes a bird seemed to get lazy or playful, and swam about without attending to his business; and then the Chinaman, with a long bamboo, which he also used for propelling the boat, struck the water near where the bird was, without however hurting him, calling out to him at the same time in an angry tone. Immediately, like the truant school-boy who neglects his lessons and is found out, the cormorant gives up his play and resumes his labours. A small string is put round the neck of the bird, to prevent him from swallowing the fish which he catches; and great care is taken that this string is placed and fastened so that it will not slip farther down upon his neck and choke him, which otherwise it would be very apt to do.

Since I first saw these birds on the Ning-po canal, I have had opportunities of inspecting them and their operations in many other parts of China, more particularly in the country

between the towns of Hang-chow-foo and Shanghai. I also saw great numbers of them on the river Min, near Foo-chow-foo. I was most anxious to get some living specimens, that I might take them home to England. Having great difficulty in inducing the Chinese to part with them, or, indeed, to speak at all on the subject, when I met them in the country, owing to our place of meeting being generally in those parts of the interior where the English are never seen, I applied to her Majesty's consul at Shanghai (Captain Balfour), who very kindly sent one of the Chinese connected with the consulate into the country, and procured two pairs for me. The difficulty now was to provide food for them on the voyage from Shanghai to Hong-Kong. We procured a large quantity of live eels, this being a principal part of their food, and put them into a jar of mud and fresh water. These they eat in a most voracious manner, swallowing them whole, and, in many instances, vomiting them afterwards. If one bird was unlucky enough to vomit his eel, he was fortunate indeed if he caught it again, for another, as voracious as himself, would instantly seize it, and swallow it in a moment. Often they would fight stoutly for the fish, and then it either became the property of one, or, as often happened, their sharp bills divided the prey, and each ran off and devoured the half which fell to his share. During the passage down we encountered a heavy gale at sea; and as the vessel was one of those small clipper schooners, she pitched and rolled very much, shipping seas from bow to stern, which set every thing on her decks swimming. I put my head out of the cabin-door when the gale was at its height, and the first thing I saw was the cormorants devouring the eels, which were floating all over the decks. I then knew that the jar must have been turned over or smashed to pieces, and that of course all the eels which escaped the bills of the cormorants were now swimming in the ocean. After this I was obliged to feed them upon any thing on board which I could find; but when I arrived at Hong-Kong they were not in very good condition: two of them died soon after; and as there was no hope of taking the others home alive, I was obliged to kill them and preserve their skins.

The Chinaman from whom I bought these birds has a large establishment for fishing and breeding the birds about thirty or forty miles from Shanghai, and between that town and Chapoo. They sell at a high price even amongst the Chinese themselves—I believe from six to eight dollars per pair, that is, from 30s. to 40s. As I was anxious to learn something of their food and habits, Mr. Medhurst, jun. interpreter to the British consulate at Shanghai, kindly undertook to put some questions to the man who brought them, and sent me the following notes connected with this subject:—"The fish-catching birds eat small fish, yellow eels, and pulse-jelly. At five P.M. every day each bird will eat six taels (eight ounces) of eels or fish, and a catty of pulse-jelly. They lay eggs after three years, and in the fourth or fifth month. Hens are used to incubate the eggs. When about to lay, their faces turn red, and then a good hen must be prepared. The date must be clearly written upon the shells of the eggs laid, and they will hatch in twenty-five days. When hatched, take the young and put them upon cotton, spread upon some warm water, and feed them with eel's blood for five days. After five days they can be fed with eel's flesh chopped fine, and great care must be taken in watching them. When fishing, a straw tie must be put upon their necks, to prevent them from swallowing the fish when they catch them. In the eighth or ninth month of the year they will daily descend into the water at ten o'clock in the morning, and catch fish until five in the afternoon, when they will come on shore. They will continue to go on in this way until the third month, after which time they cannot fish until the eighth month comes round again. The male is easily known from the female, it being generally a larger bird, and in having a darker and more glossy feather, but more particularly in the size of the head, the head of the male being large, and that of the female small." Such are the habits of this extraordinary bird. As the months named in the note just quoted refer to the Chinese calendar, it follows that these birds do not fish in the summer months, but commence in autumn, about October, and end about May—periods agreeing nearly with the eighth and third month of the Chinese year.

And, on a kindred topic, take a graphic picture of

HUNTING IN CHINA.

One evening a deputation, headed by the high priest, came and informed me that the wild boars had come down from the mountains at night, and were destroying the young shoots of the bamboo, which were then just coming through the ground, and were in the state in which they are highly prized as a vegetable for the table. "Well," said I, "what do you want me to do?" "Will you be good enough to lend us the gun?" "Yes; there it stands in the corner of the room." "Oh, but you must load it for us." "Very well, I will;" and I immediately loaded the gun with ball. "There, but take care and don't shoot yourselves." There was now a long pause; none had sufficient courage to take the gun, and a long consultation was held between them. At length the spokesman came forward with great gravity, and told me they were afraid to fire it off, but that if I would go with them and shoot the boar, I should have it to eat. This was certainly no great sacrifice on the part of the Buddhist priesthood, who do not, or at least should not, eat animal food. We now sallied forth in a body to fight the wild boar; but the night was so dark that we could see nothing in the bamboo ravines, and perhaps the noise made by about thirty priests and servants, warned the animals to retire to the brushwood higher up the hills. Be that as it may, we could neither see nor hear any thing of them, and I confess I was rather glad than otherwise, as I thought there was a considerable chance of my shooting, by mistake, a priest instead of a wild boar. The priests have two modes of protecting their property from the ravages of these animals. Deep pits are dug on the hill sides, and as there are springs in almost all these places, the pits are scarcely finished before they are half full of water. The mouth of each pit is then covered over with a quantity of sticks, rubbish, and grass, to attract the animal, and no sooner does he begin to bore into it with his snout, than the whole gives way, and he is plunged, head foremost into the pit, from which it is quite impossible for him to extricate himself, and he is either drowned or becomes an easy prey to the Chinese. These pits are most dangerous traps to persons unacquainted with the localities in which they are placed. I had several narrow escapes; and once in particular, when coming out of a dense mass of brushwood, I stepped unawares on the treacherous mouth of one of them, and felt the ground under my feet actually giving way; but managing to throw my arms forward, I caught hold of a small twig which was growing near, and by this means supported myself until I was able to scramble on to firmer ground. On turning back to examine the place, I found that the loose rubbish had sunk in, and a deep pit, half full of water, was exposed to my view. The pit was made narrow at the mouth and widening inside like a great China vase, being constructed in this manner to prevent the boar from scrambling out when once fairly in it. Had I fallen in, it would have been next to impossible to have extricated myself without assistance; and as the pits are generally dug in the most retired and wild part of the mountains, my chance would have been a bad one. The fate of my predecessor, Mr. Douglass, who perished in a pit of this kind on the Sandwich Islands, must still be fresh in the recollection of many of my readers; and his melancholy end naturally coming to my mind at the time, made me doubly thankful for my escape.

Mr. FORTUNE enters into a very minute and interesting account of the tea-plant, its various species, their modes of culture and of preparation for the market. From so scientific an observer these details will be valued, and we extract a few of the most curious. He thus introduces the subject of

THE TEA PLANT.

There are (says Mr. F.) few subjects connected with the vegetable kingdom which have attracted such a large share of public notice as the tea-plant of China. Its cultivation on the Chinese hills, the particular species or variety of which produces the black and green teas of commerce, and the method of preparing the leaves, have always been objects of peculiar interest. The jealousy of the Chinese government in former times, prevented foreigners from visiting any of the districts where tea is cultivated; and the information derived from the Chinese merchants, even scanty as it was, was not to be depended upon. And hence we find our English authors contradicting each other; some asserting that the black and green

teas are produced by the same variety, and that the difference in colour is the result of a different mode of preparation; while others say that the black teas are produced from the plant called by botanists *Thea Bohea*, and the green from *Thea viridis*, both of which we have had for many years in our gardens in England. During my travels in China since the last war, I have had frequent opportunities of inspecting some extensive tea districts in the black and green tea countries of Canton, Fokien, and Chekiang, and the result of these observations is now laid before the reader. It will prove that even those who have had the best means of judging have been deceived, and that the greater part of the black and green teas which are brought yearly from China to Europe and America are obtained from the same species or variety, namely, from the *Thea viridis*. Dried specimens of this plant were prepared in the districts I have named by myself, and are now in the herbarium of the Horticultural Society of London, so that there can be no longer any doubt upon the subject. In various parts of the Canton province, where I had an opportunity of seeing tea cultivated, the species proved to be the *Thea Bohea*, or what is commonly called the black-tea plant. In the green-tea districts of the north—I allude more particularly to the province of Chekiang—I never met with a single plant of this species, which is so common in the fields and gardens near Canton. All the plants in the green-tea country near Ning-po, on the islands of the Chusan Archipelago, and in every part of the province which I had an opportunity of visiting, proved, without exception, to be the *Thea viridis*. Two hundred miles further to the north-west, in the province of Kiang-nan, and only a short distance from the tea-hills in that quarter, I also found in gardens this same species of tea. Thus far my actual observation exactly verified the opinions I had formed on the subject before I left England, viz. that the black teas were prepared from the *Thea Bohea*, and the green from *Thea viridis*. When I left the north, on my way to the city of Foo-chow-foo, on the river Min, in the province of Fokien, I had no doubt that I should find the tea-hills there covered with the other species, *Thea Bohea*, from which we generally suppose the black teas are made; and this was the more likely to be the case, as this species actually derives its specific name from the Bohee Hills in this province. Great was my surprise to find all the plants on the tea-hills near Foo-chow exactly the same as those in the green-tea districts of the north. Here were, then, green-tea plantations on the black-tea hills, and not a single plant of the *Thea Bohea* to be seen. Moreover, at the time of my visit, the natives were busily employed in the manufacture of black teas. Although the specific differences of the tea-plants were well known to me, I was so much surprised, and I may add amused, at this discovery, that I procured a set of specimens for the herbarium, and also dug up a living plant, which I took northward to Chekiang. On comparing it with those which grow on the green-tea hills, no difference whatever was observed. It appears, therefore, that the black and green teas of the northern districts of China (those districts in which the greater part of the teas for the foreign markets are made) are both produced from the same variety, and that that variety is the *Thea viridis*, or what is commonly called the green-tea plant. On the other hand, those black and green teas which are manufactured in considerable quantities in the vicinity of Canton, are obtained from the *Thea Bohea*, or black tea.

This is the preparation of

GREEN TEA.

In the green-tea districts of Chekiang, near Ning-po, the first crop of leaves is generally gathered about the middle of April. This consists of the young leaf-buds just as they begin to unfold, and forms a fine and delicate kind of young hyson, which is held in high estimation by the natives, and is generally sent about in small quantities as presents to their friends. It is a scarce and expensive article, and the picking of the leaves in such a young state does considerable injury to the tea-plantations. The summer rains, however, which fall copiously about this season, moisten the earth and air; and if the plants are young and vigorous, they soon push out fresh leaves. In a fortnight or three weeks from the time of the first picking, or about the beginning of May, the shrubs are again covered with fresh leaves, and are ready for the second gathering, which is, in fact, the most important of the season.

The third and last gathering, which takes place as soon as new leaves are formed, produces a very inferior kind of tea, which, I believe, is rarely sent out of the district. The mode of gathering and preparing the leaves of the tea-plants is extremely simple. We have been so long accustomed to magnify and mystify everything relating to the Chinese, that, in all their arts and manufactures, we expect to find some peculiar and out-of-the-way practice, when the fact is, that many operations in China are more simple in their character than in most other parts of the world. To rightly understand the process of rolling and drying the leaves, which I am about to describe, it must be borne in mind that the grand object is to expel the moisture, and at the same time to retain as much as possible of the aromatic and other desirable secretions of the species. The system adopted to attain this end is as simple as it is efficacious. In the harvest seasons the natives are seen in little family groups on the side of every hill, when the weather is dry, engaged in gathering the tea-leaves. They do not seem so particular as I imagined they would have been in this operation, but strip the leaves off rapidly and promiscuously, and throw them all into round baskets made for the purpose out of split bamboo or rattan. In the beginning of May, when the principal gathering takes place, the young seed-vessels are about as large as peas. These are also stripped off and dried with the leaves; it is these seed-vessels which we often see in our tea, and which have some slight resemblance to young capers. When a sufficient quantity of leaves are gathered, they are carried home to the cottage or barn, where the operation of drying is performed."

But these are not the green teas exported to England; we have a leaf prepared specially to suit our taste for a "beautiful bloom,"—the said bloom being produced by dying the leaf with Prussian blue and gypsum, to please "the barbarian eye," as the Chinese say. The natives never use these dyed teas; but for the consolation of lovers of green tea we assure them, on Mr. FORTUNE'S authority, that the dye is harmless.

Here is an account of a visit paid to some

BUDDHIST TEMPLES.

All the temples, both large and small, are built in the most romantic and beautiful situations amongst the hills, and the neighbouring woods are always preserved and encouraged. What would indicate the residence of a country gentleman in England, is in China the sign of a Buddhist temple, and this holds good over all the country. When the weary traveller, therefore, who has been exposed for hours to the fierce rays of an eastern sun, sees a large clean-looking house shewing itself amongst trees on the distant hill-side, he may be almost certain that it is one of Buddha's temples, where the priests will treat him not only with courtesy, but with kindness. Poo-to, or the Worship-Island, as it is commonly called by foreigners, is one of the eastern islands in the Chusan Archipelago, and seems to be the capital or stronghold of Buddhism in this part of China. This island is not more than five or six miles in circumference, and, although hilly, its sides and small ravines are pretty well wooded, particularly in the vicinity of the numerous temples. As it is only a few hours' sail from Chusan, it had been visited at different times by a number of our officers during the war, all of whom spoke highly of its natural beauties and richness of vegetation. I was also informed that the resident priests were fond of collecting plants, particularly Orchidaceae, and that their collections were much increased by the itinerant habits of the begging priests, who visit the most distant provinces of the empire, as well as by the donations of the lay devotees, who come to Poo-to at stated seasons of the year, to worship and leave their offerings in the temples. I therefore determined to visit the place in order to judge for myself; and accordingly set out in July, 1844, accompanied by my friend, Dr. Maxwell, of the Madras army. Leaving Chusan at night, with the tide in our favour, we reached the island at sunrise on the following morning. We landed, and pursued our way over a hill and down on the other side by a road which led us into a beautiful and romantic glen. It is here that the principal group of temples is built, and when we first caught a glimpse of them, as we wended our way down the hill, they seemed like a town of considerable size. As we approached nearer, the view became highly interesting. In front there was a large artificial pond,

filled with the broad green leaves and noble red and white flowers of the *Nelumbium speciosum*,—a plant in high favour with the Chinese. Everybody who went to Poo-to admired these beautiful water-lilies. In order to reach the monastery, we crossed a very ornamental bridge built over this pond, which, when viewed in a line with an old tower close by, has a pretty and striking appearance. The temples or halls which contain the idols are extremely spacious, and resemble those which I have already described at Tein-Tung and Ah-yu-Wang. These idols, many of which are thirty or forty feet in height, are generally made of wood or clay, and then richly gilt. There is one small temple, however, of a very unassuming appearance, where we met with some exquisite bronze statues, which would be considered of great value in England. These, of course, were much smaller than the others, but, viewed as works of art, they were by far the finest which I saw during my travels in China. Having examined these temples, we pursued our way towards another assemblage of them, about two miles to the eastward and close on the sea-shore. We entered the courts through a kind of triumphal arch, which looks out upon the sea, and found that these temples were constructed upon the same plan as all the others. As we had determined to make this part of the island our home during our stay, we fixed upon the cleanest looking temple, and asked the High Priest to allow us, without further delay, to put our beds and travelling baggage into it. On the following day we inspected various parts of the island. Besides the large temples just noticed, there are about sixty or seventy smaller ones, built on all the hill-sides, each of which contains three or four priests, who are all under the superior, or abbot, who resides near one of the large temples. Even on the top of the highest hill, probably 1,500 or 1,800 feet above the level of the sea, we found a temple of considerable size and in excellent repair. There are winding stone steps from the sea beach all the way up to this temple, and a small resting-place about half-way up the hill, where the weary devotee may rest and drink of the refreshing stream which flows down the sides of the mountain, and in the little temple close at hand, which is also crowded with idols, he can supplicate Buddha for strength to enable him to reach the end of his journey. We were surprised to find a Buddhist temple in such excellent order as the one on the summit of the hill proved to be in. It is a striking fact, that almost all these places are crumbling fast into ruins. There are a few exceptions, in cases where they happen to get a good name amongst the people from the supposed kindness of the gods; but the great mass are in a state of decay. From the upper temple on Poo-to-san the view is strikingly grand. Rugged mountains are seen rising one above another and capped with clouds. Hundreds of islands, some fertile, others rocky and barren, lay scattered over the sea.

We conclude with a brief account of the system of

FARMING IN CHINA.

Every small farmer or cottager reserves a portion of the produce of his fields for the wants of his own family. This the female members clean, spin, and weave at home. In every cottage throughout this district the traveller meets with the spinning-wheel and the small hand-loom, which used to be common in our own country in days of yore, but which have now given way to machinery. These looms are plied by the wives and daughters, who are sometimes assisted by the old men or young boys who are unfit for the labours of the field. Where the families are numerous and industrious, a much greater quantity of cloth is woven than is required for their own wants; and in this case the surplus is taken to Shanghai and the adjacent towns for sale. A sort of market is held every morning at one of the gates of the city, where these people assemble and dispose of their little bundles of cotton cloth. Money is in this manner realised for the purchase of tea and other necessities which are not produced by the farms in this particular district. When the last crops are gathered from the cotton-fields, the stalks are carried home for fuel. Thus every part of the crop is turned to account: the cotton itself clothes them, and affords them the means of supplying themselves with all the necessities of life; the stalks boil their frugal meals; and the ashes even—the remains of all—are strewed over their fields for the purposes of manure. But even before this takes place, the system I have already noticed

—of sowing and planting fresh crops before the removal of those which occupy the land—is already in progress. Clover, beans, and other vegetables, are frequently sown above ground in the cotton-fields before the stalks of the latter are removed. Thus the Chinese in the northern provinces lengthen by every means in their power the period of growth, and gain as much as they possibly can from the fertility of their land. The reader must bear in mind, however, that the soil of this district is a rich deep loam, which is capable of yielding many crops in succession without the aid of a particle of manure. Nature has showered her bounties on the inhabitants of this part of the Chinese empire with no sparing hand; the soil is not only the most fertile in China, but the climate is capable of rearing and bringing to perfection many of the productions of the tropics, as well as the whole of those found in the temperate regions of the globe.

FICTION.

Home Influence; A Tale for Mothers and Daughters.
By GRACE AGUILAR. 2 vols. London: Groombridge and Sons.

A WORK belonging to the class of didactic fiction, and like most publications of its kind, generally rather prosy and uninteresting. We like a good sermon, and have a sincere interest in an essay upon education; but have no desire to see either embodied in a work of fiction, which ought to teach only by example—perhaps the most efficacious, and certainly the most attractive mode of instruction.

Miss AGUILAR states her aim to have been “to assist in the education of the heart, believing that to be of infinitely greater importance than the mere instruction of the mind; for the bright awakening of the latter depends far more on the happy influences of the former than is generally supposed,”—a just view of the subject and a worthy aim, which we think the authoress, had she done justice to her own abilities, might have attained in a more successful and interesting manner than she has accomplished in *Home Influence*. She possesses many qualifications for writing fiction. Her characters, with the exception of one or two, who are perhaps too perfect for humanity, are naturally conceived, distinctly individualized, and well sustained: her conversations are dramatic; and there are occasional touches of pathos which speak home to the heart. The power which early associations, and impressions made in childhood, possess in forming the character is not exaggerated. There are passages in this tale which give evidence that Miss AGUILAR is not without the power of awakening the interest of her readers by the introduction into her narrative of stirring incidents and spirited and affecting scenes. We have only to regret that she has employed it so sparingly. She promises a continuation of her tale, which it seems indeed to require, as it breaks off rather abruptly. We have every respect for her abilities and excellent intentions, and our present remarks are made in the hope of inducing her to do justice to both, and to extend the sphere of her influence by making her writings more generally attractive than the one which is now under our notice.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with this publication is the fact of its being from the pen of a Jewish lady, who, casting aside the prejudices of her religion, has been able, not only to admit, but to portray the excellences of those who profess a different faith. The characters in *Home Influence* are all Christians, and there is not a controversial word in the book. If we think that Miss AGUILAR scarcely appreciates in its fullest extent the happiness arising from a well-grounded belief in the doctrines of the Cross, we must at least concede that she is imbued with a candour and liberality of spirit which we must call *Christian*; because such characteristics had no general existence before the introduction of Christianity.

EDUCATION.

The Book of Fable and Allegory. London: Burns.

FABLES and Allegories have been, time out of mind, favourite compositions with children; and they had their origin and most abound among people in an early stage of civilization, and whose intellects, like those of children, are imperfectly developed. Mr. BURNS has added to the many obligations he has already conferred upon the youth of Great Britain by the publication of a collection of the most attractive fables and allegories current in various countries, and recommended them to the eye as well as to the mind by a profusion of excellent woodcuts.

The Book of Poetry. Second Edition. London: Burns.

A GOOD collection of poetry for children is at once the most demanded and the most difficult to be procured of all the books used in education. Innumerable are the attempts that have been made to supply the want, but they have failed, because the editors have been deficient in taste for poetry, or in a knowledge of the sort of poetry that pleases young persons. They seem to have supposed that children like only the silliest compositions,—as usual, mistaking silliness for simplicity. The editor of the volume before us has brought better qualifications to the task. He has both taste and judgment, and his pages will be a welcome addition to the schoolroom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Newspaper Press Directory, for 1847. By CHARLES MITCHELL. London: Mitchell.

WE believe that to Mr. MITCHELL belongs the credit of having designed and successfully carried out the excellent and useful work before us, which has been vastly improved since its first appearance last year, the interval having been employed in collecting information and correcting errors unavoidable in an undertaking so novel. Some idea of the labour of framing this Directory, and of the value of its contents to all interested in the press, or requiring to advertise, will be best shewn by a brief outline. It gives, 1st, The leading features connected with the population, manufactures, trade, &c. of each newspaper district. 2nd. The title, price, day, and place of publication of each newspaper. 3rd. Its politics. 4th. The date of its establishment. 5th. The principal towns in its district. 6th. The particular interest it advocates, whether agricultural, commercial or manufacturing; whether it is more especially a political, religious, or literary journal, and whether attached to the Church of England, or the organ of any sect of dissenters. 7th. The names of the proprietor and publisher. 8th. Whether the bookselling, stationery, or any other business is carried on at the office.

A work so copious in its information, and generally so correct, and, which is better still, conducted with strict impartiality, is a necessary addition to that little library of directories which has become an indispensable portion of the furniture of every office, mercantile and professional, and with which few private persons can dispense.

But Mr. MITCHELL has not limited his labours to the gathering of the history of every newspaper. He has introduced them with an essay on the origin of newspapers, remarks on the characteristics and comparative circulation of the London and provincial papers, the philosophy of advertising, the statistics of existing newspapers, postal regulations relative to newspapers, and some excellent advice to newspaper proprietors respecting the law of libel, especially with reference to recent decisions which have startled the complacency of those

who had believed that Lord CAMPBELL'S Act has reconciled the law of libel with common sense.

From these varied and interesting pages we must glean a few facts and extracts.

From the Introductory Essay we take this earnest and eloquent appeal on behalf of the claims of the Press to public respect:—

It is impossible, in fact, that gentlemen whose labours are so important, requiring so many first-rate qualities both of the head and the heart to execute them properly; that a body of men whose influence is, deservedly, so powerful and so general: it is quite impossible, we say, that such a body of men can remain much longer without a recognised position, which shall be as well known and as much respected as that of the members of the clerical, the legal, or the medical profession. It is that position we are anxious to obtain for them. We care not for the smiles or frowns of those in authority; we ask not for them official patronage; we covet not for the able and honourable collaborators of the *Times*, the *Post*, the *Herald*, the *Chronicle*, the *Advertiser*, or the *News*, or for their evening, weekly, and provincial contemporaries, place or power, emolument or pension; for that would shackle their independence, curb their freedom, restrain the full and honest expression of opinion. But we do claim for them that respect which honest integrity demands; that admiration which talent, well directed, ought to elicit; that esteem which those who labour assiduously to promote the public good with singleness of purpose and honesty of heart ought to enjoy; that place and position in society which these qualities, and the high and important purposes to which the newspaper press is devoted, ought to insure to its conductors.

And it is the interest of the public, apart from all private and selfish considerations, if they wish to continue to breathe the air of freedom, and to hand down to their children the liberties they have themselves inherited, that they should thus hold high in honour and estimation the public journalist; for by so doing they will make him rise superior to any official blandishments, any public influence, or any private affection, that would win him from "the even tenor of his way." They will, by respecting him, cause him to continue to respect himself; and human nature, weak and fallible as it is, requires such inducement, such a stimulus, to continued well-doing.

From the essay on "The Philosophy of Advertising," we gather some lessons of experience, which will be valued as coming from a gentleman of such long and extensive practical acquaintance with the subject as Mr. MITCHELL possesses.

ADVICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In selecting, he should remember two rules:—1. That business advertising is of *no party*. The advertiser looks for notoriety—for publicity—for benefits—from the expense he goes to in advertising. He should, therefore, not confine his advertisements to those journals which may advocate the same principles he himself professes, but look to that most likely to promote *his* interests; unless, indeed, he advertises for *expressly* sectarian, or *peculiarly* party political purposes; and even then, we question whether the *full benefit* of advertising can be served, by confining it *exclusively* to papers of the religious or political principles, which are sought to be promoted. We should, in such cases, insert our advertisements in papers of opposite opinions: not to the same extent as in those which took similar views as ourselves; but certainly we should take care that the subject to which we wished to give publicity should be known as well amongst enemies as amongst friends.

2. The second rule to which we should advise advertisers to adhere is, in looking at the circulation of the papers to which their attention is directed as an advertising medium, to regard its *quality* rather than its *quantity*. Some of the most widely-circulated journals in the empire are the worst possible to advertise in. Their readers are not purchasers; and any money spent upon them is so much thrown away. A journal that circulates amongst the *families* of a district; one which has the confidence of the moneyed and respectable classes of society; one which from its character, is likely to be read attentively by its circle of readers—in their own houses—at their own firesides, whilst it also finds access to the news-rooms and

libraries of its locality—is a better medium for advertising, with a circulation of 2,000, than another with a circulation of 4,000, that circulation being chiefly confined to inns, public-houses, and beer-shops. The reason is this: readers at home look to advertisements as a part of the contents of the paper in which they may be interested, and almost always refer to them. The same may be said of the frequenters of reading-rooms and libraries,—generally *men of business*, who want to see a number of local journals for the advantage of their business announcements; but readers at public-houses, it will be found, as a rule, read for the news and the politics, *not* for the advertisements: a long and close observation warrants us in coming to this conclusion.

Country advertisers frequently find a necessity for advertising in the London journals. In that case it is not necessary that they should advertise in *all*: in the country town, the advertiser, as we have stated, would neglect his own interests, were he to confine his advertisements exclusively to journals of a particular creed or class. Not so in London. It would be useless to address the aristocracy through the *Sunday Times* or the *Dispatch*; the clergy through the *Globe*; or the moneyed interest through the *Morning Post*. For business advertisements we should recommend the *Times*: for those connected with literature and the fine arts, the *Herald*, the *Post*, the *Chronicle*, the *Literary Gazette*, the *Athenæum*, or the *Critic*; the *St. James's Chronicle* and the *Standard* are, perhaps, more extensively read by the clergy, and the *Morning Post* by the aristocracy, than any others: and of the weekly papers,—the *John Bull*, for clerical, literary, and general announcements,—the *Spectator*, *Literary Gazette*, *Athenæum*, or *Critic*, for literature and the fine arts,—*Bell's Messenger*, for agricultural purposes,—the *Atlas*, for addresses to the moneyed interests—may be mentioned as eligible journals to advertise in, without disparagement to the other respectable papers of the metropolis.

Some of the statistics of newspapers are curious. At this time there are 555 journals—30 Liberal, 187 Conservative, 138 neutral. A table shews the number of newspapers started in each year since 1600. In that year there was *one* only; and the numbers vary from 1 to 4, but never exceeding the latter till 1800. Then there is a visible increase. In 1807 there were 5; in 1808, 9; then they declined again till 1820, when 10 were started; in 1828, 12; in 1832, 16; in 1836, 24; in 1837, 25; in 1843, 29; in 1844, 22; in 1845, 32; in 1846, 37; and to April in the present year, 16. We are not informed how many of these have survived; but we understand that, upon the average, not one newspaper of ten that are started succeeds so as to pay its expenses, and that more money is annually sunk in this species of enterprise than in almost any other business; for the loss is enormous where unsuccessful, being daily incurred, and without possibility of curtailment. The fact is, the uninitiated imagine that with a newspaper there is little more to do than to sit down in a study and write a clever article. But, in truth, that is the least part of the labour. With all the talent the age could furnish it would fail, if the business arrangements, the trading portion of the work, be not judiciously and energetically conducted.

As specimens of the manner in which Mr. MITCHELL has noticed the various journals, perhaps it may be permitted us to extract his description of the two journals that proceed from the office of THE CRITIC:—

THE CRITIC.

Saturday, Price 2d. Established November, 1843. Advocates the interests of Literature (British and Foreign), and is devoted to the advancement of the Fine Arts, the Drama, &c. —THE CRITIC was established upon the original idea of an independent amateur-like species of organ—to be conducted by a party of literary gentlemen, not having themselves any connection with the *business* of literature—a review, in fact, managed by *readers*, not *writers*,—by a portion of the public itself, rather than through the approved medium of professional criticism. It has, in addition, some distinctive features—as a greater attention to *continental* literature and art, and to *mes-*

merism. It has acquired, probably in consequence of the character of its origin, a circulation among the younger portion of the higher classes, to whose educated tastes and well-settled principles it peculiarly addresses itself. A list of advertisements for “next of kin,” &c. forms a prominent feature in its pages.

THE LAW TIMES.

Saturday, Price 1s. Established April 8, 1843. Circulates among Barristers, Conveyancers, Attorneys, and Auctioneers, and is one of the most striking instances of rapidly successful results in the prosecution of a capital plan with energy and sense. Soon after its commencement its eventual success was evident, and its circulation among the classes for whom it is designed is not only extensive but constantly increasing. This is partly owing to the comprehensiveness of its plan, and the copiousness of its contents: a greater quantity of useful matter it were scarcely possible weekly to present. In the course of the year all the cases in courts of law—including many that no other legal paper notices, and embracing whole classes of cases (such as those at *Nisi Prius*) which are rarely reported even in the regular law reports, appear in this journal, with a rapidity which keeps pace with the decisions of all the Courts even in full term, so as to be never above a week behind: added to which are all the Acts of Parliament—a vast variety of useful legal commentaries and notes, explanatory or illustrative—combined with a constant succession of contributions on points of law—to all of which is added as much of the general news of the week as any one not very political can desire. It discusses all subjects connected with the legal profession, and with those branches of business more intimately associated therewith (as the auctioneers'), with a liberal and enlightened view; and with an evidently sincere inclination to elevate and to improve, which is calculated to invest its opinions with high authority, and to lend it great and merited influence. It ardently advocates all plans for the improvement of the law, or the amelioration of any department of its practice. Published by John Crockford, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

The Works of William Cowper. His Life and Letters. By William Hayley, Esq. Now first complete by the Introduction of Cowper's Private Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAW, A.M. Vol. I. London, 1847. Tegg.

A CHEAP, portable, handsomely printed, and revised edition of the Life and Works of COWPER cannot fail to prove a profitable speculation. COWPER is a thoroughly English writer, and as such will always be a favourite with the English people. He was a genuine man. He wrote from his sincere convictions, and uttered his very sentiments. He did not *affect* the poetical; he did not *assume* the poet. He rhymed because he felt the inspiration to do so, and not for the sake of fame or profit. Excitable to a degree that passed sometimes into actual insanity, a fanatic in religion, yet is his poetry singularly free from any trace of his madness or his weakness. It is remarkable for good sense, and almost a large liberality. Then we love him because he has painted domestic life so charmingly. Where is a home—the home of our memories—the home of our present joys and affections—so accurately described as in his pages? And there is such perfect *goodness* in the man. He is so thoroughly right-minded, and has such an instinct of propriety—is so honest in his likes and dislikes, and preaches such wholesome truths that never grow old, and are as fresh to each succeeding generation as to its fathers, that his works will not and cannot die, but will enjoy a still widening popularity, that will call continually for new editions. The one before us is well calculated to supply the demand of our generation.

This first volume contains a portion of COWPER's life, including much of his correspondence—those charming letters in which he pours out his every thought, and brings himself bodily and mentally before the reader, who is drawn unconsciously into a sort of private communion with the writer, so as to feel a personal interest

in his affairs, however trifling. Nor were these letters written, as many are, with a view to publication. They are the genuine outpourings of friend to friend, and therefore revealings of the man as he was, and not as he desired to appear. But we must not be tempted into an essay on COWPER at this time, when the subject has been exhausted by so many abler pens. Enough to recommend this edition of his works to all to desire to possess them; and what family would be without a work at once so pleasant to read, and so ornamental to the bookshelf?

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

At the Zoological Society, last week, the following novelties were produced:—Description of a new species of duck (*Fuligula ferinoides*), by Mr. A. D. Bartlett. Three examples having passed through the hands of Mr. Bartlett, which appeared to resemble each other too closely to admit of their being hybrids, as was supposed of the first which occurred, he was induced to examine all the species of this genus which are known to inhabit Europe and America. The result has been his conviction that the birds exhibited are not only new to Britain, but have hitherto escaped the knowledge of naturalists altogether. The capture of a female will complete the evidence ingeniously adduced by Mr. Bartlett; and his discovery will be a subject of interest to the students of British and northern ornithology, to whom a new species is now a thing scarcely to be hoped for.—Extract from a letter from Mr. F. Strange to Mr. Gould on the kakapo of New Zealand (*Strigops habroptilus* G. R. Gray):—"It appears that this extraordinary bird, nocturnal parrot, of which there are only three specimens in Europe, resorts in the day-time to burrows formed under the roots of trees, or large masses of rock. Its food is fern-roots, and the outer covering of flax-leaves. Its habitat is the west side of Middle Island." Mr. Strange has obtained evidence of the existence of a second species of kiwi (*Apteryx*), known to the sealers as the "Fireman." They say its eggs are nearly as large as the emu's, dirty-white, like those of the kiwi, and laid in a burrow. Its height is said to be three feet. If this report is confirmed by Mr. Strange's researches, the bird may prove to be in reality a *Dinornis*.

MUSIC OF FISHES.—Aquatic animals are generally supposed to be destitute of the means of making themselves heard; and if they communicate with each other, it is usually supposed that it must be otherwise than by sound. The seal has, it is believed, a peculiar and distinct cry; and the grampus snorts as it attains the surface. Frogs, and other amphibious animals, croak long and loud enough; but in all these cases the sounds are emitted, not under, but above the water, and by creatures rarely more than half-aquatic. The cetaceous races have warm blood, and suckle their young; and fishes, properly so called, are considered, erroneously, as we shall presently shew, a silent race. The long-eared Balaenite is justly reckoned the strangest ass mentioned in history; and a scaly creature emitting sounds may truly be reckoned a very odd fish indeed. A party lately crossing from the promontory in Salsette, called the Neat's Tongue, to near Sewree, were, about sunset, struck by hearing long distinct sounds, like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitchpipe or tuning-fork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note. It was at first supposed to be music from Parell, floating at intervals on the breeze; then it was perceived to come from all directions almost in equal strength, and to arise from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The boatmen at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette; they were perfectly well known, and very often heard. Accordingly, on inclining the ear towards the surface of the water—or, better still, by placing it close to the planks of the vessel—the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. The boatman next day produced specimens of the fish—a creature closely resembling in size and shape the freshwater perch of the north of Europe, and spoke of them as plentiful, and perfectly well known. It is hoped that they may be procured alive, and the means afforded of determining how the musical sounds are produced and emitted, with other particulars of interest supposed new in ichthyology. We shall be glad to receive from our readers any information they can give us in regard to a phenomenon which does not appear to have been heretofore noticed, and which cannot fail to attract the attention of the naturalist. Of the perfect accuracy with which the singular facts above related have been given, no doubt will be entertained when it is mentioned that the writer was one of a party of five intelligent persons, by all of whom they were most carefully observed, and the impressions of all of whom in regard to them were uniform. It

is supposed that the fish are confined to particular localities—shallows, estuaries, and muddy creeks, rarely visited by Europeans; and that this is the reason why hitherto no mention, so far as we know, has been made of the peculiarity in any work on natural history.—*Bombay Times*.

JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

HEALTH OF TOWNS—INSURANCE—FRIENDLY SOCIETIES—EDUCATION.

ACCIDENTS ON RAILWAYS.—The return moved for by Mr. Edward Buller of the number and nature of accidents and injuries to life and limb which have occurred during the six months ending on the 31st of December, 1846, now just printed, exhibits the following results:—Forty lines make a return of an aggregate of 144 accidents, involving loss of life to 81, and injuries to 154. The lines on which the larger number of accidents have occurred, are the—

Eastern Counties.....	4 killed.	34 injured.
Manchester and Leeds	10 "	14 "
Midland Counties.....	8 "	3 "
North-Western (London and Liverpool) ..	10 "	14 "
London and Brighton, and South-Western ..	4 "	29 "
Edinburgh and Glasgow.....	2 "	4 "
Great Western	3 "	0 "
North Union.....	5 "	11 "
Stockton and Darlington	4 "	4 "
Bristol and Birmingham.....	2 "	4 "
Manchester and Lincolnshire	3 "	2 "

As regards the class of accidents in which passengers are most interested—viz. collisions—the return shews sixteen such cases, causing injuries to seventy persons and death to three. The return, which specifies the nature of each particular accident, likewise shews that the majority of the entire cases arise from the carelessness of the sufferers themselves; and of this class forty, mostly fatal, are from the single cause of crossing or walking on the lines in front of an advancing engine.

HEALTH AND MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.—The official return of deaths registered in the week ending Saturday last indicates that the mortality of the metropolis is still higher than usual at this season of the year. The deaths from all causes were 981, the weekly average of the spring quarter being 914, while the corresponding weeks of seven preceding years gave as a mean 909. As compared, however, with the previous week, the return exhibits a marked improvement in the state of public health, which may be attributed to the weather having assumed a somewhat less wintry aspect than at the beginning of the present month. Diseases of the lungs and of the other organs most liable to be unfavourably affected by the coldness of the atmosphere have decreased, although bronchitis still appears conspicuously above the average in the return. Epidemic and contagious diseases have also diminished, and the mortality from this class of complaints is now exceedingly low. Two cases of death from privation occur in the return; one in the sub-district of Regent's-park of a man aged 60, whose death is ascribed to a want of the common necessities of life, but no blame to parochial authorities was alleged at the coroner's inquest; the other a girl, aged 16, who died from bronchitis, produced by cold and starvation, in the sub-district of St. Andrew's (East), Holborn. The mean temperature of the week (42°·6) was nearly five degrees below that of the previous week, and three degrees and a half below the average.

SANITARY CONDITION OF TOWNS.—The attention of the local authorities of several towns in North Wales has recently been directed towards the subject of proper drainage, sewerage, and ventilation; and active remedial measures are about to be taken to supply the deficiencies now existing. In Bangor and Carnarvon medical gentlemen have reported upon the condition of various districts, and the result of their labours proves that a vast number of the houses in the courts and back streets are in a most wretched state, and that, in numerous instances, large heaps of manure and other putrid matters have been suffered to accumulate, from which most offensive and deleterious miasma arises. The report of the surgeons details the ill-ventilated, damp, and dirty condition of the houses generally in the lower parts of the towns; the lamentable deficiency of water and drains; the offensive effluvia from dung-heaps and decaying vegetable matters and stagnant water. It thus concludes: "These are the places where we may expect to meet with fevers and scrofulas in all their varieties; and the sickly appearance of the inhabitants is more eloquent than words in proclaiming the unwholesomeness of their abodes. We feel convinced that the removal of the sources of impurity from our courts and streets, by means of drainage and a plentiful supply of water, would amply repay the necessary outlay of money in saving the lives of numbers who perish annually in consequence of them, and in preserving the health of many who now linger out a miserable existence, maintained at the public expense."

ART.

Royal Gems from the Galleries of Europe, with Notices, &c.
By S. C. HALL, F.S.A. Part XIII. London: Virtue.

The Christian in Palestine. Illustrated by Sketches by W. H. BARRETT. With Explanatory Descriptions by HENRY STEBBING, D.D. Part XII. London: Virtue.

THE first in this number of the *Royal Gems* is an exquisite engraving of one of the most pleasing pictures in the National Gallery, WILKIE'S *Village Festival*. It is the work of W. GHEATHACH, and of itself worth more than the price of the three here presented to the subscribers. The next is SALTER'S *Roman Children*, in the collection of Mr. CAMMELL, of Sheffield,—a picture we have not seen nor had even heard of before, but which must be one of extraordinary merit if the engraver has not improved it in the copying. The third is SALVATOR ROSA'S *Soldiers Gambling*, in the Dulwich Gallery. The fine effects of light and shade for which the original is so remarkable, have been admirably preserved by the engraver, Mr. L. STOCKS.

The new part of the *Christian in Palestine* contains views of the Pool of Hezekiah, Jerusalem; of the Well at Nazareth, an extremely pleasing scene because so thoroughly characteristic of eastern scenery; of the Interior of the Greek Church at Bethlehem, delicately and minutely engraved; and of Ramleh, with the Hills of Judea. Mr. STEBBING'S descriptions are interesting and instructive, and the engravings will be found an acquisition to any quarto edition of the Bible.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

No. 400 is one of ALLEN'S happiest efforts, *Cattle going to the Watering Place*. The scene is exquisitely pastoral.

Another landscape that illustrates the observations we made as to the superiority of the English Artists in this department of art, is No. 401, *A Scene near Appledore, North Devon*, by SNEYDER, for whose truthfulness we can vouch from personal knowledge.

No. 412 is *An Arcadian Scene*, by WOOLMER, less affected than most of this artist's compositions. His vivid imagination is permitted to exercise itself in such a scene, and he has taken care to prevent its running wild—which is not always the case with Mr. WOOLMER.

No. 420 is by CLINT, *The Banks of the Seine, near Havre; Low Water*. It combines all the artist's excellences, and few pictures in the gallery are more to be coveted than this.

No. 451 is interesting in its subject and clever as a picture. It is a *View of the Forum of Pompeii*. It is stated to be one of a series, and we shall be glad to see the remainder.

In the north-east room, the first picture that attracts the eye is No. 454, *A Scene on the Lago Maggiore, Italy*, by PYNK. It is not in his best manner, but even his second-rate pictures are better than the best of most of his contemporaries. He has caught the atmosphere of Italy, and the waters of the lake are very truthfully represented.

No. 462 is a fine view of *The Thames, from Plumstead Heath—Early Morning*, by TENNANT; and by the same artist is No. 481, *Smugglers' Retreat—the Pursuit Arrested*. There are few better pictures in the Exhibition than this. The smugglers are in rapid flight in a cart, in the foreground. One eagerly urges the horse to the top of its speed, while the other has turned to take aim with his gun at the revenue officers, who appear in the distance, and upon one of whom the shot has taken effect. The faces and figures of the smugglers are full of energy; the horse lives and moves, and the wheel appears to whirl before our eyes. The landscape, too, is very fine. This striking work was among the earliest sold.

Not far from it hangs a small but clever picture, by H. HOLMES, No. 483, *Puck*, impersonated with a happy conception of the character of the trickiest sprite.

No. 493 claims the pause of a few minutes. It is a charming view, by H. LANCASTER, of *The Old Breakwater, Broadstairs*. The water is all alive, sparkling and heaving, and fresh with mingled breeze and tide and morning sun.

A perfect contrast with this is No. 497, *The Entrance to Selborne Village: a Summer's Afternoon*, by G. E. HASSELL, —all quiet and repose—bathed in sunshine, glowing with heat.

From that we turn to a sketch by PIDDING, No. 498, entitled *Travel and Talk*, in which the story-teller and the wondering listener are portrayed with the nice discrimination of character for which this artist is justly famed.

Much as we admire the boldness, and often the truthfulness, of Mr. ANTHONY'S colouring, we must say that in his *Harvest Home*, No. 547, he has exaggerated it into a fault. Such brick-dust faces—such fiery wheat never existed in nature. It is always to be regretted when an artist of unquestionable ability permits his mannerism to trespass into caricature.

How different is it with ALLEN in his delicious landscape, No. 550, *Ashdown Forest*. Here the artist has subdued his mannerism so that it is scarcely visible. And how? Because he has gone to nature for his subjects instead of trusting to his own fancy. Let ANTHONY do likewise, and there is no limit to the success that may be his—for he has genius in him.

In a different walk of art is No. 561, *Fruit, &c.* by G. COLE. It is a finished picture, and Dutch-like in its fidelity.

And in HURLSTONE'S happiest mood was limned his *Signora of Seville*, No. 564. It will endure repeated inspection, and please the more the more it is looked at.

Our space will not permit us even to name the many other pictures deserving approval.

SCULPTURE IN ITALY.—A correspondent in Rome supplies us with some information as to what our sculptors are doing in that high Temple of the Art.—Gibson is at work, and has been so for some time, on, amongst a variety of other things, a *bassorilievo*, for Lord Fitzwilliam, whose subject is "The Hours with the Horses of the Sun." "I have seen it," says the writer, "from the first rough sketch in chalk on slate; and have watched with much interest its formation in clay—in which material it yet remains. It is a very finely conceived and executed work. The female forms are very graceful, and the horses are full of fire and spirit. The faces are less in size than the palm of my hand. The piece is intended for the north of England." This sculptor will be at Liverpool in the course of the summer for the purpose of selecting a site for the statue of Huskisson.—Wyatt has finished a beautiful statue of "A Female leaving the Bath," for Lord Canning; and a "Venus and Cupid," for Mr. Holford, of Park-lane, "who has been making many purchases here lately."—Macdonald is about a bust—yet in clay and unfinished—"of so striking a character," says our correspondent, "that I must make it the subject of an especial mention. It is a portrait of Lord Walpole—who is now here. It is finished in the simple Greek manner, without the usual drapery round the shoulders. You know what I mean—like those in the Vatican. It is a bust on which the eye might rest for hours. There is mind in the countenance. Macdonald intends remaining in Rome during the summer, to make a large statue of 'Eurydice' for Lord Ward—as a companion to a figure already executed for that nobleman."—Theed "has had a great deal to do this winter, and has now many commissions. Amongst these are two statues ordered by Queen Victoria; 'Narcissus at the Fountain' and 'Psyche.' He is making in clay a full-length statue of 'Rebecca'—a draped figure of course—for the daughter of the late Mr. Rundell. His 'Prodigal Son' is nearly completed in marble. The head of the old father is admirable, and the piece excellent in all its parts.—Tenerani's 'Angel' is not yet finished. It is in marble—colossal and grand in the extreme."—*Literary Gazette*.

MUSIC.

The Musical Bouquet. Part XXXI. Edited by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN, Esq.

MR. ALLMAN possesses the best qualifications for an editor,—good sense, good taste, an open ear to disinterested advice, and an anxiety to improve the status of the work over which he presides. Already he has shewn this in his conduct of the *Musical Bouquet*. He found it a mere vehicle for the cheap circulation of the stupid productions of amateurs, which, it is true, cost nothing, but then they were worth nothing. He has already made it a medium for improving and exalting the public taste, by the substitution of classical music and the best compositions of distinguished men, at home and abroad. But an editor must consult the public taste as it is, even while he endeavours to improve it; and in deference to it, Mr. ALLMAN has in the present number given four of the most favourite Ethiopian melodies, as sung by the serenaders. And we are bound to state our opinion that these melodies are not to be classed with the street songs, even although they are the pro-

duction of "nigger" genius. As specimens of perfectly original national music, they are entitled to a place in any collection of music, which, indeed, would be incomplete without them, and the universal applause with which they have been received in this country, proves that they have intrinsic merits which recommend them to the ear, beside the interest attaching to their origin. Therefore do we prophecy that this will not be the least popular number of *The Musical Bouquet*.

HISTORICAL CONCERTS.—EXETER-HALL.—The fourth of this series of concerts was given on Monday, when every part of the Hall was crowded. It consisted of two parts; the first devoted to sacred, the other to secular music. The selections from the latter were the happiest; the first part containing only one very fine composition, viz. Dr. CROUCH's recitative, "Is this thy place?" and the air "Ye guardian Saints," by which it is succeeded in the opera of *Palatine*. In the second part, WEBBE's wonderful glee, "Where words breathe soft,"—music that speaks—was encored. Mr. CLIFFORD sung "The Bud of the Rose" deliciously, and was called for a second time, and so was Miss DORRY, in DINDIN's ballad "Comely lad, that died at sea." This young lady is the best living singer of English ballads, for she has feeling and expression, and the good sense to shun a profusion of ornament. Five of BISHOPS' least known glees concluded the evening's performances. We trust a similar series of the music of other countries will be suggested by the success of this.

MUSICAL GOSSIP, &c.—Joseph Joachim, the violinist, arrived on Tuesday last in London, in company with Dr. Mendelssohn, his friend and master. Staudigl has arrived, and will shortly appear at her Majesty's Theatre, with Jenny Lind (who reached London on Saturday last). A pianist of the name of Wilmers, who, if report speak not false, is a second Leopold de Meyer, pays London a visit during the present season. Thalberg has also decided upon favouring us with his presence. What all the pianists that are coming expect to achieve in the pecuniary department, it puzzles us to guess. Madame Bishop has terminated her second engagement with Mrs. Macready, at Bath. The success attendant on her second engagement surpassed, if possible, that of her first. Madame Bishop left Bath on Thursday, for Dublin, where she is engaged by Mr. Calcraft to re-appear for a certain number of nights. Mdlle. Fanny Ellsler, and Mdlle. Dumilatre, the celebrated dancers, both engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, arrived in London on Wednesday.—*Musical World*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—We have only time to note that on Thursday Mrs. HAMPTON made her *début* here in the character of *Amina*, in *La Sonnambula*. It was a successful performance, the acting beautiful, and the singing good; though, from nervousness, rather weak towards the close. With practice, Mrs. HAMPTON can scarcely fail to be popular.

THE LYCEUM.—A little piece has been brought out here under the taking title of *Jenny Lind*. The plot is very well constructed, and the situations are extremely ludicrous. The daughter of a Bermondsey tanner, Mrs. KEELEY, is ambitious of rivaling JENNY LIND. While staying at Heidelberg, and practising some horrible *bravuras*, a rumour goes abroad that she is the veritable *Jenny Lind*. *Manager Bunn* arrives and is taken with the same story, and applies to her to accept an engagement; the students assemble and rejoicings are got up. The *équivoque* is maintained with great spirit throughout, and the piece was received with immense applause, and will have a run. It is admirably acted.

FRENCH PLAYS.—SCRIBE's *Irène; ou, le Magnétisme* has been brought out here with complete success, although an English version of it failed some time since. Perhaps this was due to the clever acting of ROSE CHERI, who impersonated the *somnambule* with almost terrible truth. She must have been familiar with the phenomena of animal magnetism, or she could scarce have depicted them so perfectly. The story of the piece is thus told by a contemporary:—"The drama of *Irène* assumes a belief in animal magnetism, under the influence of which the heroine is placed in a situation not totally unlike that of *Amina* in *La Sonnambula*. A nobleman, desperately enamoured of a young lady, who treats him with rigour, resolves to try the effect of magnetism, in ascertaining the real state of her feelings. Using this power, he lures the lady from her chamber at an inn, and elicits from her an avowal of love, accompanied by a reproof for his generally profligate habits, at the conclusion of which she advises him to go to America, and there by deeds of arms to retrieve the glory of his name. This interview, though it takes

place unknown to the lady, is seen by her father, and has the effect of compromising her reputation. The nobleman goes to America, and returns covered with honour, just in time to see his beloved married to another. At the end, the difficulties are cleared by the appearance of a lady to whom the bridegroom is married already, which allows the bride to be consigned to her proper lover." Altogether, the impersonation of *Irène* is a rare effort of genius, and no lover of the drama should fail to witness it. RHOZEVL is fine as the lover.

THE COSMORAMA.—Among "the sights" of the season, few better reward a visit than the Cosmorama, a beautiful pictorial exhibition, consisting of views of various celebrated scenes, shewn by means of powerful magnifying glasses, and appearing as large and truthful pictures. Among the subjects now in the gallery are, a fine view of Mont Blanc, as seen from Chamouni; Mount Etna; Interior of St. Gudule, in Brussels; the Cascade of Tivoli; Palmyra; a Scene in Kamschatka; and a Pass of the Alps. A remarkable feature of these views is the ingenious management of light and shade, exhibiting them under various aspects, and giving to them the appearance of realities, rather than of mere paintings.

THE WALHALLA.—Madame WARTON has introduced many new groups since last we visited this interesting room. Among the most striking are, *Neptune and Amphitrite*, which surpasses the famous *Venus Rising from the Sea*, in pictorial effect; *Eve Tempting Adam* is another sculpturesque group; and Madame WARTON's *Eve Repentant* is quite a study. Another attractive subject is *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, every figure representing the sentiment of the subject. ETTY's *Judgment of Paris* is also very well impersonated.

JENNY LIND.—The doubt respecting the coming of this much-talked-about vocalist is at last settled. She arrived in London on Saturday afternoon; so that those who have made bets upon the subject may now think about paying them. The *Observer* describes her as "a lady of fair hair and fresh complexion; her eyes are soft, and the expression of her face is intelligent and ingenuous; she is of the middle height, well formed, and of some seven or eight and twenty years of age—as far as appearances can be credited. In her deportment she has the air and bearing of a perfect lady; she is calm, quiet, and perfectly self-possessed in manner, and with that most excellent thing in woman—a voice soft and sweet."

SPANISH THEATRICALS IN PARIS.—The Italian Opera House was re-opened by a Spanish troop on Saturday evening, the company having been honoured on the evening of the preceding Thursday by a command at the theatre of the Château. The house on Saturday was well filled. The royal box was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, Queen Christina, and their suite. The performers consist of a company of comedians and a troop of Spanish dancers. The former are not sufficiently good to laugh with, and not sufficiently bad to laugh at. The latter, consisting of some sixteen or twenty artistes, are excellent in their line. The performance of *boleros*, *cachucas*, *tambourine*, and other national dances, was received with raptures of applause and frequently encored. The execution was full of vigour, vitality, and natural grace, though not certainly the same species of grace as is witnessed at the Queen's Theatre and the Grand Opera. The national dances are really national. The *cachucas* and *boleros*, which the public have seen performed by Ellsler and others, have the same relation to the dances whose names they bear as the Pastorals of Pope or the Eclogues of Virgil have to the actual character, language, and manners of the rural population of England or Italy. These performers proceed to London at the close of their engagement at Paris.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE GREEK POETS. A SONNET.

Loving the beautiful with child-like awe,
They found in Nature's outward form a soul
Which filled all space and harmonized the whole.
In them the simple truth of Nature's law
Infused a living energy—the store
From whence they drew conferred no paltry dote;
They quaffed rich draughts from Beauty's flowing bowl,
The ancient woods, the rock-resounding shore,
The clear blue heavens, and the stars of night,
Flashing upon their inward finer sense
And pregnant with divine intelligence,
Seemed all encircled with celestial light.
So raised and dazzled by a thought intense,
Their souls were wafted to the Infinite!

J. D.

NECROLOGY.

CHARLES HOLTZAPFFEL, Esq.—It was only a few weeks ago that we noticed the works of the ingenious individual whose death we observe announced as follows:—On the 11th instant, C. Holtzapffel, esq. of Charing Cross and Longacre, aged 41, universally regretted, author of 'Turning and Mechanical Manipulation,' member of Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and chairman of the Committee of Mechanics at the Society of Arts, London, and member of many other British and Foreign institutes, &c.—*Literary Gazette.*

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

MESMERISM AT AXMINSTER.—Mr. Davey has delivered two lectures on mesmerism in the George Inn Assembly Room, before large and respectable audiences. The known respectability of the lecturer, and his undoubted honesty of purpose, prepossessed many sensible persons in favour of his science, notwithstanding the prejudices which are in existence against it, and the unfavourable light in which it was known to be regarded by the members of the medical profession residing in this town. Much anxiety was therefore felt upon the matter; and at the first lecture on Friday week, the experiments performed, principally upon Mr. Davey's son, were looked upon with considerable suspicion by the majority of the meeting, though by many with astonishment and conviction, from the manly and straightforward manner in which they were conducted. The second lecture took place on Monday evening, before a much larger audience than the former, and there having been whispers of something like an open declaration of hostility by some sceptical parties, considerable excitement was manifested. Some most satisfactory and extraordinary experiments, however, on a young man of this town, of undoubted integrity, soon produced a decided feeling by the great majority of the meeting in favour of the lecturer, which was further increased by the frequent and ridiculous interruptions of an intoxicated person, who was afterwards called to order by a magistrate present. The young man upon whom these experiments were tried is called Batstone, and they consisted in producing rigidity in the arms and legs, and fixing the patient to the floor by the mere act of volition by the operator. A series of beautiful experiments in phreno-mesmerism on Mr. Neyle, a young gentleman from Newton Abbot, was next performed, in which the various organs of the mind were excited, and their peculiar manifestations produced; such, for instance, as the exciting of mirthfulness and language, producing violent laughter; tune, time, and language, producing a comic song, &c. Every fresh exhibition of the truth of this beautiful science called forth the unequivocal approbation of the meeting.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

PIGMENT TO RENDER WALLS IMPERVIOUS TO MOISTURE.—We have lately seen specimens of cement, stucco, and imitations of jasper, marble, porphyry and agate, of considerable beauty, formed, as we are told, by a process derived from the Chinese. The leading feature of these operations is the conversion of common cheap materials into substances of value to builders:—1st. A cement, equal in other respects to Parker's, which, as is asserted, remains uninjured by the heat of chimneys or of the sun, and impervious to frost. 2nd. An easy mode of reconverting sand or pulverized carbonate of lime into compact stone. 3rd. Imitations of various sorts of crystallized minerals, more diversified than scagliola. 4thly. A vitreous surface, which is applied with the brush over the other substances in thin coats like paint. Mr. W. Couch, the possessor of these secrets, is an old plasterer,—in early life foreman to James Wyatt, and afterwards, for ten years, in a similar capacity to Messrs. Cubitt, whose service he left to go abroad. He visited Canton, South America, and the Sandwich Islands; where he obtained a knowledge of some things which he believes to be unknown in England. After an absence of eighteen years, he returned to his own country; but up to this time has been doomed to disappointment. There are but few men ready to believe and acknowledge that an illiterate working man can be the possessor of useful knowledge; and illness and poverty have been his lot, instead of fortune. An able artist who has examined the vitreous pigment, says it appears to be a complete answer to one important query of the Royal Commission as to the success of fresco painting,—and would, in many ways, secure architects and builders from annoyance from wet and expansion, consequent on moisture. The cost of the vitreous pigment, or varnish, is fourpence per square yard for each coat—two or three

being required. We are not in a position to pledge ourselves to the truth of all Mr. Couch asserts; but from what we have seen, he does appear to have some knowledge which ought to be serviceable to himself and others.—*Builder.*

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Alfred Barnard, of St. Heller, informs us that he "has had the honour of submitting plans to Lord John Russell (in the event of war) to connect the Channel Islands, Southampton, and the Admiralty, by submarine telegraph, consisting only of one wire, the sea forming the trough to complete the return of the electric current; when, simultaneously, a peal of bells may be rung here and at Southampton, calling the attention of the officer to the communication about to be transmitted. This experiment," adds Mr. Alfred Barnard, "has just been satisfactorily proved, near the palace at Osborne."—*Jersey Press.*

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

767. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF ARTHUR FRANKLIN, of Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, Surrey, basket-maker, deceased. *Something to their advantage.*
768. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF BRIDGET LAWLER, late of 37, Exmouth-street, Hampstead-road, Middlesex, widow, who died on the 5th of October, 1838. *Something to their advantage.*
769. NEXT OF KIN OF EDWARD GOODE, of Cambridge, gent. who died on the 5th of February, 1815, or their personal representatives.
770. NEXT OF KIN AND HEIR-AT-LAW OF WILLIAM KENDALL, of Exeter, gentleman, who died on the 24th of March, 1832, or their personal representatives.
771. NEXT OF KIN TO WILLIAM HENRY GINGELL, of Hill-street, Finsbury-square, St. Luke, Old-street, Middlesex, who died on the 13th of December, 1837.
772. NEXT OF KIN OF FREDERICK SEWELL STEVENS, late of Greetham, Rutland, gentleman, who died on the 13th of March, 1833, or their personal representatives.
773. NEXT OF KIN OF EDWARD REECE, formerly of Holywell-street, Shoreditch, baker, and afterwards of Acton-place, Kingsland-road, Middlesex, who died in July, 1820, or their representatives.
774. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS PETERS, late of Mortlake, Surrey, tailor, who died on the 1st of March, 1837, or their representatives.
775. NEXT OF KIN OF SAMUEL EVANS, late of 9, Little Portland-street, St. Marylebone, Middlesex, builder, who died in May, 1835, or their personal representatives.
776. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS FLUIN, late a seaman belonging to the East India merchant ship *Clyde*, deceased. *Something to their advantage.*
777. HEIR-AT-LAW OF WILLIAM TAYLOR, Esq. of Ealing, Middlesex, who died on the 25th of January, 1837.
778. CHILDREN OF THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF WILLIAM TAYLOR, Esq. of Ealing, Middlesex, who died on the 25th of January, 1837.
779. MARY DAVIS, niece of — TINNAM, formerly of Bishop's Hatfield, Herts. deceased, entitled to a legacy under his will.
780. NEPHEWS OF NIECES OF SARAH ARMAN, late of Hodson Chiseldon, Wilts. widow, deceased, formerly Sarah Collier.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The scale for advertising in THE CRITIC is
 For 50 words or less 5s.
 For every additional 10 words .. 6d.
 For which a post-office order should be inclosed.
 NB. For insertion in the first page the charge is one-fourth more, if expressly ordered for that page.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PRINTERS' PENSION SOCIETY.—The annual dinner of the Printers' Pension Society took place on Tuesday, at the London Tavern. Luke James Hansard, esq. presided. The usual loyal toasts having been disposed of, the chairman proposed success to the Stationers' Company, a toast which was received with much cheering. The chairman then rose, and in proposing the toast of the evening, namely—"The Printers' Pension Society," observed that it was a society the prosperity of which it was the object of the present meeting to promote. Its aim was to help old and disabled printers, and to rescue them from that poverty which their inability to work would entail upon them, and not only them, but their widows. Lord Dudley Stuart proposed the health of the chairman, and he took that opportunity of stating that he was rejoiced to find the society so flourishing as it then was; expressing his astonishment that it was so little known to

the public at large. The public could not, he added, do without the printers. Mr. Hansard returned thanks; and several other toasts having been drunk, the company retired. The total amount of subscriptions announced was 321*l.* 16*s.* including a list of subscriptions from lady authoresses, handed in by Lord D. Coultts Stuart, amounting to 35*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* Prince Albert sent a donation of 25*l.* and consented to be the patron of the society. We find, from the report of this society, that its funded property amounts to nearly 4,584*l.*; its income for the last year arising from the interest of the above sum, donations, and subscriptions, were upwards of 1,000*l.* of which 529*l.* was divided amongst pensioners; the sum of 400*l.* having been funded.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—April 9th.—T. J. Pettigrew, esq. F.R.S., in the chair.—Mr. Neal exhibited a charm-ring of the 13th century, found at Chelmsford, with an inscription of doubtful meaning, probably symbolical of its use. A communication was received from Messrs. Rooke and Saul announcing the discovery, near Old Carlisle, in Cumberland, of a votive altar, with an inscription, denoting its dedication to the goddess Bellona, by Rufinus, prefect of the wing of Augustan. It is recorded by Lampadius, that the Emperor Alexander Severus, with that wing of cavalry, had been quartered there for a considerable period, and that it had been held as a station for upwards of two centuries by the Romans. The spot on which the discovery was made was that of Olenacum, of the *Notitia*, and is believed to be the first instance on record of the discovery in Britain of an altar dedicated to Bellona. An interesting paper on Phonic Horns was read by Mr. Cuming, which was received with much attention. This subject has hitherto met with little attention from our historians, but cannot fail to be interesting to the student of the manners and customs of our forefathers. The paper commenced with a sketch of the earliest form used by the ancients of their wind instruments, from the primitive straw and reed, before the art of boring wood or casting metal was discovered. Thus we read of the *avena*, or pipe formed of a single oat stalk, and other materials offered by nature; the *calamus*, or reed-pipe; the *concha*, *tromba marina*, or sea-trumpet, made of the murex shell; and the *tibia*, or flute formed of the shank-bone of an animal, of the invention of which Hyginus says, "*Minerva tibias dicitur prima ex osse cervino fecisse.*" Many other early writers mention the same simple forms to produce pleasing sounds. Respecting the horns of animals, Mr. Cuming noticed the similarity of the derivation of the word in various parts of the world, and of their use in England in the early ages on May-day, and other festive seasons. On the first of May, until within a few years, at Oxford, boys used to assemble with horns, and girls with flowers. At Lynn, in Norfolk, the custom still prevails, as well as in many parts of Wales. This custom is derived from the mysteries of *Beltein*, and the same in Ireland on the day of Beal's fire, as the first of May is called in that country. The horns used on these occasions are usually painted various colours. The word "*bean*" implies *goat* in the language of the Hyberno-Celts. In the early ages the horn was used as a mode of transferring property, and called in old deeds and charters *cornage*, which, says Bailly, is a kind of grand sargentry, the service of which tenure was to blow a horn when any invasion of a northern enemy was perceived, and by this many held their land northward, about the Picts' Wall. The Hirlas and Pusey Horns are well-known instances; the former was owned by Owain Cyveiliawg, Prince of Powys, in the twelfth century. Ingulphus, abbot of Croyland, mentions the horn amongst other things, whereby land was conveyed in the reign of William I. by the lord's word, or helmet, or horn, or spur, &c. Borsall, in Buckinghamshire, is still held by that tenure from a deed of Edward the Confessor. In 1433, Sir R. Plumpton, knight, held Wolf-hunt-land by the service of winding a horn, for the purpose of frightening or driving the wolves in the forest of Shirewood. Mr. Cuming illustrated his paper by laying on the table a series of pipes and horns of various nations, as well as drawings of those objects occurring on early British coins, tombs, shields, &c. and intimated his intention of reading the second part of his paper at the next meeting on the 23rd inst. It is highly gratifying to observe that the objects of the Association are gaining on the public mind. Several new associates were entered; and it is to be hoped that the very small fee on entrance, and the many privileges enjoyed by the members in attending their meetings, as well as receiving their publications, will induce all who venerate the relics of antiquity to join them.—*From our own correspondent.*

STRANGE CLAIM.—A letter from Stockholm of the 20th ult. contains the following curious statement:—"When King Gustavus Adolphus was killed at the battle of Lutzen, in 1632, the finances of Sweden were in such a deplorable state that the great dignitaries of the crown, guardians of Christina, the king's daughter (afterwards the celebrated Queen), were obliged to contract debts for her education. An acknowledgment of one of these debts, signed by them in the name of Queen Christina, has just been presented to the Minister of Finance, with a de-

mand for payment. It is for 45,000 crowns (270,000*l.*); and was drawn up at Stockholm on the 24th of December, 1636, when Queen Christina was ten years of age, in favour of a certain James Krieves, a citizen of Lubeck. It stipulates that twenty years after its date the Swedish Government should be obliged to pay 45,000 crowns on the first demand,—that the debt shall never become void,—and that it shall bear eight per cent. interest. At the foot of the acknowledgement are these words, written in French by Queen Christina,—"*Approuvée, Compiègne, 1657; Christina, R.*" This curious document has been shewn to our Minister of Finance by a banking-house at Stockholm, acting as the representative of M. Kragt, pastor of the commune of Woldigk, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz. This person states that he lately found it among his family papers; and he claims to be descended from James Krieves, in whose favour it was signed. He consequently demands from the Government 45,000 crowns, or 270,000 francs in capital, and 4,536,000 francs as interest thereon for 210 years at eight per cent. Before giving a definite answer with respect to the value of the document, the Government has invited M. Kragt to prove his descent from Krieves, and his right to the possession of the paper."—*Galignani's Messenger.*

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Died of dysentery at the Cape of Good Hope, on his way home from Madras, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Walter Scott, bart. of Abbotsford, eldest son and last surviving child of the author of "*Waverley.*" Sir Walter was born in 1801, and was a lieutenant-colonel in the 15th Hussars. The baronetcy is extinct, but the Abbotsford property passes to Walter Scott Lockhart, a cornet in the 16th Lancers, the only son of the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and the only grandson of the author of "*Waverley.*" Sir Walter was married in 1825 to a Miss Jobson, of Lochore, Fife, who still survives to lament, as all who knew him must do—an excellent officer, with many amiable qualities and much kindness of heart.—*Globe.*

A NEW SPECULATION ON THE PYRAMIDS.—The new Governor of Jamaica, Sir Charles Grey, lately created some amusement by asserting, at the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, "That the pyramids erected by the Egyptians were intended as immense tanks for supplying and irrigating the surrounding plains with water!" This astounding doctrine, says our authority, seemed to take the meeting completely by surprise. And well it might; especially those members of it who had seen a sectional view of these extraordinary constructions. It is even more absurd than the theory that they are the granaries erected by Joseph, which was once propounded.—*Builder.*

LITERARY PATRONAGE.—Recognitions on the part of Government of literary merit are healthy signs of the times. We are happy to learn that the Marquis Clanricarde has presented one of the sons of Mr. John Heraud with an appointment in the secretary's department of the Post-office.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Andersen's (H. C.) Tales for the Young, 18mo. 3*s.* cl.—Anthems and Services for Three, Four, and Five Voices, First Series, 4to. 21*s.* cl.—Ariosto L'Orlando Furioso, 2 vols. post 8vo. 9*s.* cl.—Book of Fable and Allegory, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Book of Poetry, 2nd edit. 18mo. 2*s.* cl.—Bunsen's (C. C. J.) The Constitution of the Church of the Future, post 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Burgh's (Rev. W.) A Compendium of Hebrew Grammar, 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Burn's (Dr. J.) Sketches of Sermons on the Parables and Miracles of Christ, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.; Ditto, Designed for Special Occasions, new edit. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Butler's (Mrs.) A Year of Consolation, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.* cl.—Camoens on Lusiadas, post 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Carson's (Rev. A. L.L.D.) Works, Vol. I. "Miscellaneous Treatises," 12mo. 5*s.* cl.—Coleridge's (S. T.) Biographia Literaria, 2nd edit. 3 vols. fcap. 8vo. 18*s.* cl.—Conolly's (Dr. J.) The Construction and Government of Lunatic Asylums, post 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Cowper's (W.) Poems, with Essay by J. Montgomery, 6th edit. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.; Ditto, 4th edit. 24mo. 2*s.* cl.—Doubleday's (T.) Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England, 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Drummond's (Mrs.) Lucy Seymour; or, It is more Blessed to Give than to Receive, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Elliott's Horæ Apocalypticæ, 3rd edit. 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 8*s.* cl.—Gawthorpe's (H.) The Elocutionary Reader, 18mo. 2*s.* cl.—Gibson's (W. S.) History of the Monastery at Tynemouth, Vol. II. 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.* half morocco.—Ditto, complete, 2 vols. 4to. 6*l.* 6*s.* half morocco.—Hamilton's Cabinet of Music, Vol. II. folio, 15*s.* half-bd.—Haverfield's (Rev. T. T.) Feriæ Sacre; Notes on the Great Festivals of the Church, and the Services of their Celebration, 4to. 21*s.* cl.—Hughe's (T. M.) Iberia Won; a Poem, descriptive of the Peninsular War, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Irish (The) Flora, comprising the Phænogamous Plants and Ferns, 12mo. 5*s.* cl.—Johnson's (L.) Every Lady her own Gardener, 8th edit. 18mo. 2*s.* cl. gilt.—Journal (A) of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal, and Glimpes of the South of Spain, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.* cl.—Juvenile Englishman's Library, Vol. XIX. "Godfrey Davenant," by Rev. W. E. Heygate, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—King (R.) On Preservation of Infants in Delivery, post 8vo. 4*s.* cl.—Laurent's (J. C. M.) a Practical German Grammar, with a Grammatical Dictionary of Nouns and Verbs, 12mo. 6*s.* cl.—Le Page's French School, Part I. "L'Echo de Paris," new edit. 12mo. 4*s.* cl.—Letters

from the Isle of Man in 1846, crown 8vo. 5s. bds.—Lonsdale's (R. F.) Observations on the Treatment of Lateral Curvature of the Spine, 8vo. 6s. cl.—Lorraine's (A. M.) Lays of Israel; or, Tales of the Temple and the Cross, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Lowthian's (J. A.) Narrative of a Recent Visit to Jerusalem, new. fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Law Digest, Part III. a general Index to the Reports and Statutes published between July and December 1845, royal 8vo. 6s. wrapper, or 6s. 6d. boards.

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